The Nation.

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The Week.

OUR readers will remember that we have dwelt somewhat upon the Norwich, Conn., Post-office case as being one of the most flagrant of the instances in which the President has violated his civil-service-reform pledges. On Monday an election was held in Norwich, and for the first time in its history the Democrats elected their entire municipal ticket, with the single exception of a candidate for Sheriff. The Republicans were completely routed, losing control of the City Council, though they had a number of hold-over members and only needed to elect one to maintain a majority. How much effect the Post-office change may have had in bringing about this result we do not know, but it is perfectly obvious that whatever other effect it had, it did not help the Republicans. If the President's distribution of spoils in other parts of the country is working as it has done in Norwich, the sooner he checks the Wanamaker-Clarkson guillotine in the Post-office Department, the better it will be for his party.

Mr. Roosevelt's plea for more money and larger powers for the Civil-Service Commission ought to be heeded by the next Congress. Whether it will be, is very doubtful. It has always been the delight of Congress to hamper the Commission as much as possible by giving it a very inadequate appropriation, and there are no encouraging signs of a change of disposition in this respect. The Administration is stirring itself with commendable promptness in regard to the needs of the New York Post-office, and a commission has been appointed to make inquiry as to those needs and the increase in appropriation necessary to meet them. In all probability the commission will recommend a large increase and Congress will grant it. The necessity for it has been growing steadily for the past eight years, but it has not been granted because there was at the head of the Post-office a civil-service reformer devoted absolutely to the public interest, and not at all to "politics." Now that his place has been filled with a "practical politician," the appropriation is forthcoming. Will the Administration take as much interest in the needs of the Civil-Service Commission as set forth by Mr. Roosevelt?

It is to be expected that the worsted-manufacturers, in anticipation of suits in court, will now begin to try to work a change in the trade name of *worsted* cloths, coatings, and suitings, and announce them as "*woollen* cloths," etc., but it is too late. What did the Congress sitting in 1883 intend, and what were the trade names in that year? Those to whom Congress spoke in the tariff of 1883 were, and are, the importers of and wholesale dealers in the imported coatings and suitings, not merely the dealers in the home-made article, which is never imported and never taxed. If Secretary Windom, or the draughtsman of his recent opinion, had taken up any commercial newspaper and glanced at articles on the dry-goods trade, or at auction sales, or at the advertisements of the coatings and suitings submitted to his inspection, he would have seen what name the wholesale trade now gives to them. In the New York *Commercial Bulletin* are such phrases as these: "Agents continued to make fair deliveries of heavy *worsted* suitings and trouserings"; "in *woollens* and *worsteds* few orders were placed." One house announces for sale the products of the "Wansback *Worsted* Mill" and the "Auburn *Woollen* Company." The Manchester Mills call attention to "*worsted* dress goods." John F. Plummer & Co. proclaim "*Worsteds*—fancies and coatings." Auctioneers say they will sell on a day mentioned "clothing, woollens and worsteds." Everywhere is the distinction made between "woollen cloths" and "worsted cloths." In order to prevent a manipulation of trade-names by importers, manufacturers, appraising officers, collecting officers, or Treasury officers, the courts confine the testimony respecting importing nomenclature to the date of the law under discussion. Harrison's victory over Cleveland cannot wipe out worsted or make worsted woollen, any more than it can make steel iron.

In a paragraph a fortnight ago, referring to a report from Consul Grinnell of Bradford, England, concerning the exportation of "broken wool tops" from that place to the United States, we spoke of this article as wool tops merely, which are different from broken tops in both the commercial and the legal sense. A woollen manufacturer sends us a description of tops, broken tops, slubbing, waste, and noils, all being products of wool. Tops are dutiable at sixty cents per pound and waste at ten cents per pound. Broken tops are the damaged parts of combed wool. They can be put through the combing process a second time, and made useful for nearly all purposes, or they can be treated as waste. If treated as waste, they are dutiable under our tariff at ten cents per pound. They can be made to resemble waste by mixing a small amount of genuine waste, commonly termed Botany waste, with it. Now, the point is, that under our beautiful tariff, which makes a difference of fifty cents per pound between two articles of nearly equal value, a large premium is offered to the Bradford combers for the manufacture of "waste" for the American market. Good wool is turned into "broken tops," and then a sufficient amount of Botany waste is mixed with it to make the whole of it waste. This is imported at a duty of ten cents per pound, to the supposed detriment and damnification of our wool-growers, and is converted into worsted goods by American manufacturers. The operation is akin to that which was exposed some years ago, when metal statuary was admitted at a lower rate of duty than the metal of which it was composed, the result being a remarkable importation of leaden Mercuries, Venuses, and Minervas, which were, immediately after passing the Custom-house, converted into pig-lead and plumbing materials. Millions of pounds of wool are converted into broken tops and then into waste for our market. Originally, says Consul Grinnell, "the tops were broken up by hand, but the enormous development of the shipments to the United States has caused, it is stated, machinery to be used for the purpose. The wool-combers, as a rule, will not lend themselves to the practice, but deliver the tops to the waste-dealers in the regular form, and the latter either break them or cause them to be broken up. The temptation to 'prepare' genuine tops here for entry into the United States as waste at ten cents per pound is very great, as may be judged when I mention that one of the larger firms in Bradford, of unquestionable reputation, informed me that they had been offered four cents per pound profit over their regular price for all the Botany waste they could supply."

Block Island's reputation as a summer resort has brought it into national prominence during the past ten or fifteen years, and it is visited each year now by people from all parts of the country. Few of these visitors see in the little neighborhood of 1,500 or 2,000 inhabitants anything more than a plain seafaring and fishing community, of primitive tastes and rather barren lives. Twenty years ago, in fact, the inhabitants of the island were remarkably primitive both in habits and knowledge. They went to church barefooted in the summer, and knew little of the outside world. The rapid development of their island into a summer resort has done much to introduce to them both the benefits and the abuses of civilization, but the influence which has been most revolutionary and harmful has been that of politics. This has not come from a portion of the outside world more remote than the mainland of the State of Rhode Island, to which their island belongs. The annual necessity of carrying Rhode Island in order to have the "moral effect" for the cause of protection in the land, has, as is notorious now, converted the entire State into more or less of a rotten borough; and from evidence which is now being taken in a contested-election case on Block Island, this primitive fishing community has had its morals debauched in the most wholesale manner.

At the last election on the island, the Republican legislative candidates were de-

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clared victorious over their Democratic competitors. There is a total vote of about 300 on the island, and the Democrats usually have a majority of from fifty to eighty. A few years ago the Republicans discovered that, by the quiet investment of a few hundred dollars, they could surprise the enemy and carry Block Island. This led to counter-bidding by the Democrats, until practically the entire voting population has been educated to look upon election day as even a larger source of income than the "fees" from the summer-hotel guests, many of them getting for their votes more money than they had been able to earn for an entire year. At the legislative hearing which is now in progress, the Democratic contestant has introduced fifteen affidavits showing that Republican candidates and agents offered in cash from $25 to $50 for votes, and promised to pay, in return for votes, the yearly house-rents, to give steady employment for a year, to pay off mortgages, and to defray the expenses of pending lawsuits. Names and circumstances of the bribery are given in all cases, and the bartering appears to have been carried on in the most open manner.

Here are some of the statements of the affidavits as they are published in the Providence *Journal:*

"William K. Gorton deposed that he was approached by Sam Cook, registered as Warren Cook, who told him he was foolish if he did not vote the Republican ticket, as he didn't think he would have any trouble in getting $25 or $50. Subsequently Sam went to Gorton's house and said: 'You are not going back on our party, for if you will vote for us I will see that you get $50 or $60 and a job for the year.' William Hull told him that he thought he could get $50, and some $25. Nathaniel L. Sprague was approached by Frank Littlefield on election day, who offered to give him $45 for his vote. He saw Frank Littlefield give Amos Griffin $45, telling him to vote for him. Littlefield told deponent that his father would give him a year's house-rent if he would vote for him. Lorenzo Littlefield offered him $50 and house-rent for a year at Richard Dodge's place. Charley Mulls swore that he heard Lorenzo Littlefield offer Julius Smith first $50, and on refusal $50 more, if he would vote for Littlefield and Sheffield, and he saw Lorenzo pay Smith two $50 bills. One of the Sheffields went over to the Town Hall with him. Littlefield offered Manuel Allen $50 to vote for him, and paid him in the witness's presence."

The counter affidavits have not yet been presented, but they are said to number 200, and to show that the Democrats offered from $25 to $40 for votes, which was generally refused. It is estimated that the election cost the Republicans about $4,500 and the Democrats about $3,000. Nearly the entire voting population was bought to vote either in one way or the other.

There has been a rumor that Justice Miller of the Supreme Court was about to retire on a pension because of ill-health, but it is authoritatively denied. The country will be pleased to know that there is a good prospect of this able jurist's being able to render some years of faithful service yet, although he has entered upon his seventy-fourth year, and has been eligible to a pension for three years. Justice Miller is the senior member of the Supreme Bench in length of service, having been appointed by Lincoln in 1862, although Justice Bradley, who was appointed by Grant in 1870, is three years older. Justice Field, who was appointed by Lincoln in 1863, was born a few months later in the same year with Justice Miller. Three of the eight judges now serving on this bench are therefore past the age at which they might withdraw, and draw the same salary as hitherto for the remainder of their lives.

Judges as a rule are loath to give up work, even when a pension system offers temptations to a life of retirement. Justice Strong of the Supreme Court is the only man who availed himself of the privilege as soon as he had finished the requisite ten years of service in 1880, his age being then seventy-two. Justice Swayne held on until he was seventy-six. Chief-Justice Waite had the chance to retire more than a year before his death, but there is every reason to suppose that he would not have improved it for many years if he had lived. Doubtless there is an unconfessed hope on the part of many judges that they may rival the record of Justice Duval, who resigned in 1836, after a service of a quarter of a century, at the age of eighty-four, only on account of deafness, and of Chief-Justice Taney, who served twenty-eight years, and was in his eighty-eighth year when removed from the bench by death in 1864.

No child studies the geography of the United States without being struck by the apparent greed of Florida in having deprived Alabama of her just rights in the matter of a coast-line. Only about a quarter of Alabama's breadth is permitted to reach the Gulf of Mexico, and several counties which seem properly to belong to that State owe allegiance to Florida, Pensacola being the chief port and town in this corner of Florida Alabama has always insisted that she ought to have this territory, and it looks as though the inhabitants would approve the change. At any rate, the two leading newspapers of Pensacola are openly advocating the annexation project. Eastern Florida naturally resents the idea. "It is painful," says the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, "to see Floridians utterly reckless of State pride, and we should be grieved to surrender our interest in west Florida." At the same time it admits that "if a majority of her people are willing to be sold, of course further objection would be useless," although it declares its own belief that not one in ten would vote for annexation.

The wiser Southerners perceive and confess that the only hope for the future of the negro is in education, although there are some who find it hard to realize this. The Statesville (N. C.) *Landmark*, for example, recently declared that the smattering of education which the negroes have received is exactly what makes the race question one of difficulty; while the Charlotte *Chronicle* affirmed that the negro has shown no improvement from his education since becoming a freeman. The Asheville *Citizen*, however, takes issue sharply with these views. While admitting that perhaps as a producer the negro is not what he was as a slave, it holds that this is not due to what little education he has gained since the war, but to the complete change in the system of labor and the general demoralization following the sudden emancipation of a densely ignorant race; and it believes that education will bring them back to and beyond their productiveness as slaves. Moreover, it finds already a noticeable improvement among them in appearance, in manners, in conversation, in morals; while the aggressive impertinence or sullen insubordination which characterized the race just after the war, is giving way to self-respecting courtesy, and in many instances to the dignity of freemen. Although the privilege of learning undoubtedly had some effect in making them contemptuous of the class of work to which they must look, they are rapidly learning that industrial proficiency is the better part of education. That these views of the *Citizen* are shared by the most intelligent Southerners, is proved by the fact that the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church accepts the declaration of the Northern Assembly that education is the true solution of the race problem, and has agreed to coöperate in the work.

It seems that the ground plan has been laid for an international Salt Trust composed of the English Salt Union and the leading American producers. Certain representatives of the latter have just returned from England, and they announce that they have arranged to "control the imported salt" as well as to make salt here. The reason assigned for this combination is, that "the salt industry is almost crippled by the wholesale dumping of English salt in New York and other Eastern ports, and by the rivalry between small manufacturers and dealers, who have been actively cutting each other's throats by low prices without doing any good to themselves or the consumer." All of which means that the public are to be deprived of the benefit of competition in the procurement of another article of prime necessity, and subjected to the tender mercies of a monopoly. Of course all the talk about the crippling of the salt industry in this country by the "dumping" of English salt on our market is a lie, the duty on salt in bulk being upwards of 79 per cent. ad valorem. The whole mess of complicated falsehood was exposed by Representative Whiting of Michigan in the last Congress. Mr. Whiting is himself a salt-manufacturer. He said that there was no need of any tariff on salt, and he voted to put it on the free list. We shall watch with lively interest the movements of this new craft flying the black flag.

The vagaries of protectionism in France are full of interest. The French butchers have borrowed an idea from the noble guild

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on our side of the water. Although foreign meat is taxed a little more than one cent per pound, it comes in from Germany and Belgium in refrigerator cars in large quantities. So the French butchers have asked the Government to require the inspection of the meat, under the sanitary laws, to take place at the boundary. Heretofore it has taken place at the gates of the cities where it is to be consumed. At the boundaries the facilities for inspection and the force employed are small. There will be delay and expense, and possibly the meat may become stale and fly-blown by taking it out of the cool and dark chambers in which it is carried and then putting it back. At all events the butchers were allowed to have their way. The Chambers voted by 318 to 184 in favor of "urgency" for the consideration of the measure. It is said that contracts have been made for the carcasses of 250,000 sheep from Germany to be supplied to Paris during the exhibition, and that the urgency of the matter is to prevent the visitors from getting this mutton.

Another demand for protection—this time the city against the country, not domestic labor against foreign—has been made by the Paris washerwomen against the "pauper labor" of the suburbs. "They allege," says the Paris correspondent of the London *Economist*, "that, labor and rent being cheaper in the suburbs, a tax is necessary to enable them to compete with the suburban laundresses." The same writer continues:

"The most extravagant pretension is, however, that put forward by the directors of theatres and proprietors of cafés and restaurants in Paris, who ask the Government to close the exhibition at least three nights a week, in order to constrain the public and visitors to pass the evenings in their establishments. The demand was so preposterous that one is surprised to read that the Ministers gravely discussed it in a Cabinet council, and instead of boldly replying to a deputation that the request was absurd and unreasonable, evaded a refusal by explaining that the Direction of the Exhibition would be exposing itself to claims for damages, as a condition of the letting of space in the building and grounds for places of public entertainment was that the grounds should remain open during the evening. The petitioners were thus left under the impression that the Government might have acceded to their demand had it been able."

Bastiat's petition of the candle-makers that all people be required by law to close their shutters and keep out the sunlight in order to make business for dealers in tallow and oil, candlesticks and snuffers, will be the next thing on the carpet.

The French Government is much concerned at the increase in French emigration to South America, particularly to the Argentine Republic. No less than 17,105 Frenchmen sailed for that country in 1888, as against only about 5,000 in 1886. This is peculiarly trying to the Ministry in view of the comparative failure of the efforts to induce colonists to go to Algeria and Cochin China. The Minister of the Interior, M. Constans, directed a circular letter to all the prefects of France on April 18, urging them to put intending emigrants on their guard against the illusory promises held out to them by the agents of foreign countries. He speaks with considerable justice of the dubious prospect necessarily before the larger part of the emigrants to the Argentine Republic, destined to be set down in the midst of the vast uncultivated areas of the interior, under obligation to the Argentine Government or to emigration companies for their passage money, exposed to the probability of a fall in the price of labor and to the uncertainties of a fluctuating paper currency, and with no chance of becoming owners of land except as metayers. The prefects are ordered to press these facts upon the attention of the people generally, as also to proceed with the greatest severity against emigration agents who are not duly authorized. They are also to enlist the help of village authorities in the attempt to diminish emigration, getting the latter to discourage to the utmost intending emigrants who apply for the necessary passports and papers. It will be interesting to observe the effect of these vigorous measures; it does not seem possible that they can fail of accomplishing much of their aim.

It is not at all probable that the Government of France intends to burn its fingers by meddling with the affairs of Hayti. Any reader of Spencer St. John's 'Black Republic,' or any recent visitor to the island, or anybody acquainted with the social condition of those West India Islands in which the blacks are the largely preponderating mass of the population, knows that the task of bringing order and civilization into that community would prove herculean. Every such person knows also that a commercial treaty embodying special privileges to one country could not be enforced unless the country having the treaty should land a force there and administer the custom-houses—in short, take possession of the island. This would be like grasping a wasps'-nest or laying claim to a smallpox hospital. No civilized country could afford to expend its energies in such an endeavor. France sacrificed millions of treasure and tens of thousands of lives to hold Hayti, and failed in the end. She is as little likely now to put her hand on her ancient colony as she would be to seize a red-hot poker. The lessons of the past and the present are equally instructive to us. We had better take all the Antilles to our bosom and fireside than to take Hayti alone. If we could see reasons moving us to annex the whole lot, and if no obstacle interfered with the purpose, it would still be a sufficient objection that we should have to provide for the government and civilization of Hayti.

Through cable despatches to Cuban newspapers we get our earliest detailed accounts of the recent crisis in the Spanish Ministry. It was only the breaking out of an opposition to Sagasta within his own party, or rather the fusion of parties owning his leadership, which has long been threatened. The immediate cause of the rupture was the defeat of the proposition to increase the duties on cereals. At the time of voting on the bill, May 23, a great disturbance took place in the Chamber, the President, Martos, actually leaving the chair to vote against his party, while Gamazo and his little band of protectionist Liberals, seeing that the measure was destined to defeat, refrained from voting altogether. To these disaffected Liberals, it was publicly understood that Gens. Cassola and Dominguez, with Romero Robledo, had joined themselves, and that they could muster about fifty votes against the Government. They proposed to join the Conservatives in demanding a vote on the Administration bill to grant universal suffrage before discussing the estimates, and counted on ousting Sagasta on that issue. The situation was so critical that the resignation of the Ministry was generally looked for. Sagasta, however, chose to stave things off for a month at least, and secured the Queen Regent's assent to a decree suspending the sessions of the Cortes. It is expected that that body will be assembled again early in July, and it will then appear whether Sagasta has been able to make combinations assuring the continuance of his Administration. The outlook for him is certainly most stormy.

Longevity extraordinary can certainly be claimed for the inhabitants of Chili, if the Chilian census of 1885 is to be believed. From the statistics there presented it would appear that nearly 500 persons, out of a total of 2,500,000, are upwards of a hundred years old. This proportion is perhaps not too great, but the astonishing ages recorded put a strain on the strongest credulity. One man coolly returned his age as 150, and this would make it very probable that he is, as the editor of the census remarks, the oldest man in the world. Next after him comes a woman aged 138; two women and one man report themselves as 135; 132, 130, and 127 each have a representative, while there are seven 125 years old. Below that age the numbers mount rapidly, showing twenty-eight persons of the age of 120, twenty-seven aged 115, and no less than ninety-one aged 110. Of course, this is all deliciously absurd. The returns carry their own discrediting on their face, with their marked preference for the decades and half-decades—twenty-eight, for example, set down at 120, while but two are given to 119, and only one to 117; ninety-one put at 110, while but eleven reach 109. If this does not mean a fuddled memory vaguely feeling after a big figure best capable of expressing a belief that one must be very old not to remember things more clearly, then the indications are misleading. Our own census bears witness to the untrustworthiness of the testimony of the ignorant as to their age; but 2 out of 100,000 white persons giving their ages as above 100, while 45 out of 100,000 colored persons claim that distinction. The surprising thing is not to find Chilian Indians making themselves rivals of Thomas Parr, but to find Chilian census officers gravely accepting the impossible figures.

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AMENDING THE TARIFF.

To make an interesting subject for popular instruction out of the Treasury decision on worsteds and woollens is no easy task. It seems to be a duty, however, to make the attempt. There is a purpose, we think, in the councils of the tariff oligarchy to rely hereafter upon Treasury decisions, rather than acts of Congress, for such amendments of the law as time and the progress of invention make necessary for their purposes. The reason why they should seek "relief" in that quarter, rather than in Congress, is that a tariff bill is a very risky thing. Whatever it may happen to be in the beginning, there is no knowing what it will be in the end. There are so many people to be consulted, there are so many conflicting and varying interests to grapple with, there are so many dark corners and dark lanterns, so many tangled bushes and gopher-holes to throw people down unexpectedly, that he must be a bold man who will take his chances on a new tariff if there is any other way to get what he wants. Moreover, the protected Trusts, which now constitute the largest force in the tariff oligarchy, are opposed to any measure which will bring them under discussion. What they want is security and silence. Any bill to change the tariff, even so simple a one as to abolish the distinction between woollens and worsteds, would necessarily be open to amendment. Anybody might move to put sugar, or copper, or white lead, or cotton bagging, or binding-twine on the free list. Perhaps some of these amendments would hold and be carried through. At all events, they would lead to discussion, and that is distinctly not wanted. If there is any way to change the tariff from time to time in particular places—to cut a hole in the shoe when it pinches too hard as the foot grows—that is much the safest procedure.

Now, in order to understand the worsted decision, the following things must be kept in mind:

(1.) That the law makes a distinction between woollens and worsteds, the same as it does between wool and hair or between iron and steel.

(2.) That it makes a distinction between "enumerated articles" and "non-enumerated articles."

(3.) That the phrase "enumerated articles" has been judicially determined to imply a designation sufficient to distinguish the articles in question from other articles, and that it is not necessary that they should be specifically mentioned. Thus, for instance, it has been held, and it is the law to-day, that the words "manufactures of which steel is a component part" are sufficient to put *all* such manufactures into the list of "enumerated articles," and that it is not necessary for this purpose to say steel rails, steel blooms, steel wire, etc. The case which establishes this principle is that of Arthur vs. Butterfield, decided by the Supreme Court on August 19, 1888.

Now, let us test the worsted decision by these principles. The Tariff Act of 1883 says that "*all* manufactures of *every description* composed wholly or in part of worsted, the hair of the alpaca, goat, or other animals, except such as are composed in part of wool, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act," shall pay a certain rate of duty. The Treasury decision lifts out of this category and this section of the law certain manufactures of worsted, namely, coatings and suitings, and puts them into another section where the duty is higher. Under the Supreme Court's decision referred to, these are "enumerated articles," just as much as if the law had said "flannels, blankets, *coatings*, *suitings*, and all manufactures of worsted."

If these coatings and suitings were made wholly of goat's hair or cow's hair—material that never saw a sheep's back—the reasoning employed would require that they should be lifted and transferred from one section and schedule into another, because the law couples worsted and hair in the same designation. And as if this were not sufficient to make the meaning plain, it says that if *wool* enters into the composition of the article, in however minute a degree, it shall go into another schedule. Here we have a clear perception on the part of the law that there is a difference between woollen goods on the one side and worsted and hair goods on the other. As a matter of chemistry there is no difference between the three things. Hair is shown by analysis to be the same as wool, and wool the same as hair, just as the diamond and charcoal and black lead are shown to be chemically the same.

The contention of the woollen-manufacturers adopted by the Treasury is, that if a "cloth" is produced from worsted, it was not intended to be charged with a lower rate of duty than woollen cloth, since it answers the same purposes as woollen cloth. It produces, they say, an incongruity in the tariff, and the law should be so construed as to take the incongruity out of it. Now the tariff is full of incongruities. In the nature of things it must be. Only the eye of omniscience could make a tariff covering thousands of articles, ranging from the lowest raw materials to the highest finished product, without incongruities. The question is whether it is the province of the Treasury officers to eliminate incongruities. An affirmative answer virtually takes the taxing power away from Congress and vests it in the Secretary, because he is to decide first whether there is an incongruity, and then what steps should be taken to eliminate it. He might put hair-cloth into the schedule of wire-cloth if he found it incongruous to keep them apart. That we are not far from this latitude of interpretation may be inferred from the following paragraph at the end of the decision:

> "The familiar maxim should be applied that 'a thing within the intention is within the statute, though not within the letter, and a thing within the letter is not within the statute unless within the intention.'"

Taking this maxim as a rule for executive action, no rate of duty or classification can be considered sufficiently stable for business purposes. Why, for instance, should not the Secretary rule that iron ore is subject to the same tax as lead ore, or that iron ore *is* lead ore? Fortunately, we have judicial tribunals in the land as well as taxing officers, and we are convinced that they will make short work of this Treasury ruling when it comes before them. The trouble is, that much time must pass before it can be brought to a hearing. The parties interested in the ruling will interpose delays. Heavy bills will run against the Government for extortionate assessment of duties. The public will pay two prices for worsted cloths. They will pay an increased price as consumers, in consequence of the new tax, and as taxpayers they will eventually refund to the importers principal and interest of the excess taken from them. This is an old story. Tariff bills have been deliberately "doctored" during their passage for the purpose of making litigation. The getting up of refunds is a branch of law-practice, and not an unprofitable one. Of course the taxpayers foot all the bills in the end. Fleecing the public goes on with regularity and in a thousand unseen ways.

It would exceed the limits of this article to go through the Secretary's decision seriatim. Much space is given to the contention that these coatings and suitings are not worsted at all. But it is a part of the literature of the subject that Mr. John L. Hayes, a member of the Tariff Commission of 1883, and an expert, conceded in his argument that worsted cloth was well known in 1883. It was made in New England as early as 1869 from worsted yarn spun near Philadelphia. Mr. Hayes conceded, further, that it was generally and specifically known in 1883 as "worsted coating and suiting." The truth is, that in 1883 nobody imagined that worsted coatings and suitings would ever be made at a lower cost than 80 cents per pound. There was where Mr. Hayes and Mr. Whitman and the rest of the tariff-tinkers made their mistake. Now they want Mr. Windom to correct it for them *nunc pro tunc*, and he has been weak enough to do so.

In conclusion, we ask particular attention to the following words in the decision—words which might have some relevancy if they were a true citation from the law, viz.:

> "In determining the questions involved, regard should also be had to the provisions of section 2499—that if two or more rates of duty should be applicable to *any imported article*, it shall be classified for duty under the highest of such rates."

Now, there is no such provision in section 2499 of this or any other law. Section 2499 says that "if any *non-enumerated* article equally resembles two or more *enumerated* articles on which different rates of duty are chargeable, there shall be levied, collected, and paid on such *non-enumerated* article the same rate of duty as is chargeable on the article which it resembles, paying the highest rate of duty." Worsted cloths being "enumerated articles" under the Supreme Court's decision in Arthur vs. Butterfield—*i. e.*, being embraced in the words "*all* manufactures of *every description* composed wholly or in part of worsted"—section 2499 has no reference to them.

STOCK EXCHANGE QUOTATIONS.

THE action of the Stock Exchange in removing all "tickers" from their room, and

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cutting off the whole world from the customary knowledge of the range of prices of securities—a knowledge which has become necessary to the transaction of many kinds of business—is undoubtedly aimed at the Consolidated Exchange, a rival organization. The Consolidated Exchange, up to this time, has depended upon the Stock Exchange for the true quotations of the securities which are mostly traded in. Since there cannot be two quotations for the same thing, in the same market, at the same time, the trading body which has the larger capital, credit, and business will necessarily make the quotations, and any rival must be guided by those quotations. It would be ruinous for the smaller concern to be buying and selling Western Union, for example, half a point above or below the transactions taking place at the larger one. The essential thing about a quotation is, that any amount of securities within reach can be bought or sold at the figure named. This is the only significance of a quotation to business men. But this condition of things—namely, ability to take or to supply all the stock afloat at the given figure—can only exist at the financial centre of gravity. If trading is going on somewhere else in convenient proximity at different figures, the larger body can swamp the smaller one, or "scoop" it, in very short order.

Now we think the Stock Exchange has the legal right to exclude the public from its place of business. If so, it has the right to exclude reporters and telegraph operators. It has the right, also, to regulate business within its walls, subject to the rule that all persons not members shall be treated alike. This latter qualification has been established judicially in Illinois, and will probably hold good everywhere, since it is in harmony with the current and growth of law, although the Stock Exchange cannot be considered a "common carrier." The questions of most importance, however, are not legal, but economical. Will the Stock Exchange gain more than it will lose by boycotting the Consolidated, when the act boycotts the public as well? This is a serious question, and can only be answered experimentally; but we think it will soon be apparent to the members of the Stock Exchange, if it has not already become so, that a great mistake has been made in banishing the "tickers" from their precincts. The ticker has become a necessary part of financial life in all parts of the country. The credit system hinges upon it. Lending and borrowing take place in Chicago, St. Paul, and New Orleans, as well as in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, on the faith of the ticker. To abolish this instrument, now that it has become indispensable to the daily life of trade, is simply impossible. If it is banished from the Stock Exchange, it will establish itself elsewhere in the shortest possible time, and business will rally round it regardless of the names of the people who control it, provided only that they are honest and responsible men. Honest and responsible men will hasten to any place where money is to be honestly made. It looks to us, therefore, as though the Stock Exchange had deliberately thrown away the best piece of machinery ever devised to bring grist to its mill.

But it is said that they will restore the ticker in their own way. They will make it a private and not a public ticker. They will serve their own members and such bankers as will agree to keep the ticker in a closet where nobody else can see it. We hope that nothing so foolish as this is in contemplation. Setting aside the impossibility of keeping secret a thing which is flying about in a hundred different directions, and which has a large pecuniary value, what view will the stock-trading public take of a measure which avowedly requires them to do business in the dark? At present all are on an equality as regards knowledge of prices and amounts of stock transactions. Nobody suspects for a moment that he can be deceived as to these fundamental things, or that anybody else can get the start of him. Buyers and sellers in Boston or Chicago are on as good footing as those in New York. Business exists by virtue of this fact.

Now let us see what will be the effect of the system of "pushing the pad," or the system of private tickers. No customer can rely upon the information he gets unless he is personally present in the office of his broker. Even then he must take the broker's word for it, which he may not always feel inclined to do. The customer always wants to save the one-eighth or one-quarter per cent. at which the market price stands at a particular moment. Especially he wants to know that he is not cheated out of it. The ticker is his guarantee that both due diligence and fair play have been used in executing his order. Strike out of the business all the orders that are due solely to the knowledge the ticker conveys and the confidence it breeds, and the balance, we venture to say, will not support half as many men as now get their living by virtue of their membership in the Stock Exchange. The introduction of private and confidential tickers will be a worse stroke of business than "pushing the pad," because everybody will suspect everybody else of having better information than himself. Everybody will know that valuable information is flying about, over his head or under his feet, to favored individuals, *i. e.*, to bankers and brokers and their clerks, and the particular friends of themselves and their clerks. What this is, he has no means of knowing with certainty or celerity. If he does business at all under such conditions, he must expect to lose his eighths and quarters, if not larger fractions. He will probably conclude either to abandon the business altogether, or to transfer his clientage to some place where more reasonable notions prevail.

If this were a real crusade against bucket-shops, there would be something to be said in its favor—that is, from the pulpit. But surely the Stock Exchange would not feel complimented if a moral purpose were ascribed to it in this matter. It has no objections to bucket-shops as dens of corruption, any more than to book-makers, or pool-sellers, or the jumping fleas of Chinese gamblers or the jumping frogs of Calaveras. The morals of bucket-shopping are simply outside of its ken, as they ought to be. Is it supposed that business in the Stock Exchange is lessened in any degree by the $10 bets at the bucket-shops? Those bets are very much like frog-jumping. There is no delivery of stocks and none is expected. The patron of the bucket-shop bets against the "house" that a certain stock will jump higher or lower the next time the ticker records a sale. Business on the Stock Exchange is not affected one way or the other by such gaming. The outcry against bucket-shops, so far as it proceeds from the Stock Exchange here, or from the Board of Trade in Chicago, has an extremely hollow sound.

The Stock Exchange will have to sink or swim on the principles of free trade. If, with its capital and prestige, its experience and character, it cannot stand open competition, it will have to go to the wall. The conditions for the formation of a Trust do not exist, because the Exchange does not sell material things, but only services. Anybody can sell services, and those who sell them most acceptably to the public will get the trade.

THE CONEMAUGH HORROR.

It is always easy to be wise after the event, and it is especially so now with reference to the indescribable catastrophe in a peaceful Pennsylvania valley, which has destroyed thousands of lives, swept away millions of dollars' worth of property, and carried unutterable grief into countless happy homes. As we look at the conditions as they existed just before the disaster, they are seen to have been arranged with terrible sureness to bring about precisely what has followed. Lying in a narrow valley, which was little more than a gorge in the mountains, were eight villages, aggregating between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants, the largest of the eight being situated at the lower end, with about 25,000 inhabitants. Through the narrow bottom of this valley ran two small streams which came together at the lower end, just below the largest village, forming a shallow, swift-running stream of a few hundred yards in width. Across this stream had been built a massive stone railway bridge. Far up in the mountains, 300 feet above the chief village of the valley, hung a huge body of water. As nature had designed it, this had been a small lake with natural outlets, which prevented it from being a menace to the valley below. But the hand of man sought to improve the work of nature. An immense dam, 110 feet in height, held back the water till the lake was more than quadrupled in size.

These were the conditions on Friday last. There had been heavy rains for several days. The artificially enlarged lake was really a receiving reservoir of the water-shed of the Alleghany Mountains. Every little stream running into it was swollen to a torrent. The lake, which in ordinary times is three and a half miles long, with an average width of over a mile, and a depth in some portions

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of 100 feet, was swelled into a volume of water of enormous proportions. Between it and the valley below there was a dam nearly 1,000 feet wide, 110 feet high, 90 feet thick at the base and 20 at the top. This barrier gave way, and the water rushed into the valley in a solid wave with a perpendicular front of forty feet. It swept away the seven smaller villages like straw, hurled them, together with uncounted thousands of their inhabitants, upon the larger village, and then, with the accumulated ruin of the whole eight, dashed upon the stone bridge at the bottom of the valley. The bridge withstood the shock, and a new dam, as fateful with horror as the first had been, was formed. It held back the water so that the whole valley was a lake from twenty to forty feet in depth, with the remains of its villages beneath its surface. The wreckage of the ruined villages, piled from forty to sixty feet high against the bridge, spreading over a vast area, with countless bodies of the living and the dead crushed within it and struggling for life upon it, caught fire, and burned to the water's edge.

Surely never was a death-trap more ingeniously constructed, and never did one more remorselessly accomplish its mission. Everybody is able to see now where the main responsibility lies. It is admitted that the dam has been looked upon for years as unsafe. It is admitted that the dwellers of the valley have been repeatedly warned that it might give way. In fact, they had been warned so often, with no danger following the warning, that they grew indifferent to the peril, and when the alarm of the actual break came they refused to heed it. There is nothing remarkable about this; it is merely human nature. Least of all can it be cited as in any way lessening the real responsibility for the disaster. That must rest upon the persons who built and maintained the dam. They were constantly impressed with the peril which lurked in it, for, according to their own admissions, they were constantly warning the villagers. It does not lessen their responsibility a particle to say that their warnings were not heeded. On the contrary, it increases it, for there was so much the more reason why they should remove the danger by the only sure way—that is, by gradually removing the dam itself.

To suspend such a stupendous body of water in such a place, and to hold it there, knowing all the time that its barriers were unsafe, is a most incredible act of foolhardiness. It would be scarcely less reckless to construct under a city a huge powder magazine, and remain content with warning the inhabitants at frequent intervals that they must keep a close watch and be ready to run at any moment, for a careless person might drop a match into the powder at any time. If such a magazine were built, and if, in spite of the warnings, the city were to be destroyed, would anybody think of placing the responsibility upon the victims? The same governmental authority which would prevent the building of such a magazine ought to be able to interfere and prevent the building of such an obvious menace to human life and property as the Conemaugh dam.

The need of the hour is, however, not to dwell upon the persons who are responsible for the disaster—for that is far beyond the power of any human strength to bear or to attempt to expiate—but to give aid and relief to the afflicted survivors. This is certain to be generous, for the heart of the American people is stirred to its depths by the awful details of the greatest calamity known in our annals. The Governors of all the States, the Mayors of all our cities, and every church in the land are already at work, and everything that can be done will be. It is, of course, of great importance, not only to give quickly, but to have the aid forwarded in a systematic manner, and for this reason it will be well for all contributors to seek official channels for their contributions.

PROGRESS OF ELECTORAL REFORM.

THERE are now nine States which have on their statute-books comprehensive ballot-reform laws drawn upon the model furnished by the Australian system. One of these, that of Massachusetts, was passed in 1888; the remaining eight were all passed during the present year. For such rapidity it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of reform movements in this country. It was in the spring of 1887 that agitation of the subject first took formal shape. The discussions of the Commonwealth Club of this city led to the formation of a committee to draft a law embodying the principles of the Australian method, for presentation to the New York Legislature. No comprehensive measure of the kind desired had been previously outlined. The nearest approach to it had been a bill which had been presented to the Michigan Legislature early in 1887, but this, while interesting as containing the germ of the reform principle, was incomplete and inadequate.

The Commonwealth Club Committee were not long in discovering that their task was no light one, and that no satisfactory measure could be drafted in time for presentation to the Legislature of that year. They accordingly postponed its introduction till the following year, early in the session of 1888. This was the original Saxton bill. It has undergone many changes since, but in principle, and largely in its methods of applying the Australian system to American election laws, it remains to-day substantially the same as it was at first. So generally have its merits been recognized that it has been made the basis of all the nine laws which have since been enacted. Its leading principles were: an absolutely secret ballot, all ballots to be printed and distributed at the public expense, none but official ballots to be received at the polls, provisions for independent nominations. These principles will be found, in practically the same form, in all the laws passed, as a brief examination and comparison of their leading provisions will show.

(1.) *As to the secrecy of the ballot.* Every one of the nine laws requires the erection of booths or compartments, into which the voter shall, after receiving his ballot, retire, and, free from all observation, prepare it for the polls. The proportion of booths to voters varies somewhat. The Massachusetts law says not less than one for every seventy-five voters. The Indiana law divides the whole State into voting precincts, each containing, "as nearly as practicable, 200 voters," each polling-place to be provided with three compartments. The Montana and Wisconsin laws require one compartment for every 50 voters, or fraction thereof; the Rhode Island, Missouri, and Connecticut laws require not less than one for each 100 voters; the Tennessee law not less than three, and the Minnesota law not less than two for each 100. This is a very slight variation. The important provision is, that all except illiterate and physically disabled voters are absolutely alone while preparing their ballots. The method of marking the ballots varies somewhat. In Massachusetts, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota, and Connecticut the voter is required to place an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. In Indiana he is required to make the mark with an official stamp furnished by the election officers for the purpose. In Missouri he is required to erase the names of all candidates on the ticket except those for whom he wishes to vote.

(2.) *Ballots printed and distributed at the public expense.* Every one of the nine laws provides that the ballots shall be printed and distributed at the public expense. This provision takes away all excuse for assessments upon candidates, and removes from the polls all ticket-peddlers, "workers," and "heelers."

(3.) *None but official ballots to be used.* Every one of the nine laws forbids the use of any except official ballots. There is considerable variety in the methods provided for the marking of the official ballots by the election officers in such a way as to prevent the use of imitations. The Massachusetts law requires that "on the back and outside, when folded, shall be printed, 'Official Ballot for,' followed by the designation of the polling-place for which the ballot is prepared, the date of the election, and a facsimile of the signature of the secretary of the commonwealth or city clerk who has caused the ballot to be printed." The Indiana law requires the poll-clerks to write their initials in ink on the backs of the ballots. The Montana law requires the election officers to stamp on the back of each ballot before handing the same to the voter the words "Official ballot." The Rhode Island and Tennessee laws copy the Massachusetts method. The Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri laws require the poll-clerks to write their initials on the backs of the ballots, and the Connecticut law requires them to write their full names on the backs.

(4.) *Provision for independent nominations.* Every one of the nine laws contains, with slight modifications, the principle first embodied in the original Saxton bill, allowing independent nominations by means of petitions or nomination-papers. In this way citi-

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zens who are dissatisfied with all the regular nominations for a given office can, by uniting in favor of a suitable candidate, have his name printed upon all the official ballots, and have it distributed at the polls on equal terms with the names of the regular party candidates. This is the most deadly blow that could be aimed at the caucus or primary system, and is certain in time to lead to the destruction of that system's worst evils, if not to the abandonment of the system itself.

It is a melancholy reflection that the State of New York, which took the lead in this most notable and beneficent reform movement, should still be without a law embodying its principles. In no State, if we except Indiana, is that reform more urgently needed, and in none has public sentiment in favor of it been more emphatically expressed. For the failure to obtain it, the State has to thank its chosen Governor alone, who has twice vetoed what may emphatically be called a model measure.

PROGRESS AMONG THE NEGROES.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are a great many people in both the North and the South who feel quite disheartened as to the future of the negro race. To all such we commend a careful perusal of the twenty-first annual report of the Hampton (Va.) Normal and Agricultural Institute, by its principal, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, just presented at the close of the school year. The most discouraged could not resist the inspiring influence of the mass of hopeful facts and figures which are here grouped in compact form.

The history of Hampton itself is full of encouragement. It is, in Gen. Armstrong's words, the history of "a steady growth of over twenty years, from 15 to 600 pupils, never advancing a step without a struggle, never knowing beforehand how the year's expenses were to be met." The net annual cost of the Institute is now $98,000, which provides for 600 boarding-students from thirteen States and Territories (460 negroes and 140 Indians), a dozen day pupils, and a large corps of officers, teachers, managers, and assistants (for the industrial system pursued requires two full sets of instructors) —a total of about seven hundred people connected with the school, and almost wholly dependent upon it for their education and subsistence. The fundamental principle of the institution is the instruction of the pupils in the way to earn their own living; and about one-third of the annual expenses of $145,000 is the cost of labor done by the colored pupils, they being credited annually with from $45,000 to $50,000 for their work on the farm, in the shops, and in the various branches of household industry. The board, clothing, etc., of 120 Indians (not including tuition, which costs equally for both races) is paid by the United States Government at the rate of $167. In order to encourage them, their savings are given to them, one-half to be spent as they choose, the remainder to be saved until they return home.

The industrial system has now been pursued long enough to show its results in the life of pupils after they leave Hampton, and it is already amply vindicated. The examples which they offer of better living and farming are as valuable in the country regions where they teach as is the book knowledge which they impart. Not only the colored people but their white neighbors profit by contact with graduates from Hampton, whose knowledge of stock and agriculture not infrequently makes a marked change in the methods of the working people among whom they settle. Young women, as well as young men, are often local preachers as well as teachers, "sometimes antagonizing the old-time sensational shouting by a better statement of Bible truth, and becoming for their race what, centuries ago, the teacher was in our own civilization, leaders in all things." In short, the chief endeavor at Hampton is to fit the colored pupils effectively to lead to better lives the simple people among whom their lots are cast. "Labor," says Gen. Armstrong, "is the greatest moral force in civilization, and the moral value of our industrial system is its chief excuse. Students who come to us with little or nothing can pay their school bills in labor, thus making their poverty a means of grace, for through its training in self-help come skill, character, and success."

But the chief value of this report is not in its exposition of Hampton's work, but in Gen. Armstrong's treatment of "The Negro Question," to which the local discussion naturally leads. No man in the country is so well qualified to present the situation with knowledge and candor as Gen. Armstrong, whose twenty years at Hampton have brought him into intimate relations with the leading forces of Southern society. It is most gratifying to find that a Northern man and Union soldier, who has had such an experience as this, is altogether hopeful as to the future. He presents first an impressive showing as to what has already been done by Southern taxation and by Northern benevolence for the education of the negroes. The Rev. Dr. Atticus G. Haygood of Georgia, agent of the Slater Fund, computes that since 1862 there has been given for this object $10,000,000 through the American Missionary Association (chiefly Congregational), $2,250,000 through the Methodist Society, $2,000,000 through the Baptist Society, $1,600,000 through the Presbyterian Society, and probably $1,000,000 more through other channels—in all, say seventeen millions from the North for the education of the ex-slaves. This is less than half the amount devoted to that object from the self-imposed taxation of the South; the total Southern aid for negro education since 1868, in common and normal schools, having amounted to over $37,000,000. This money for the education of the blacks, it must be remembered, has come almost entirely from the pockets of the whites, Gen. Armstrong's estimate being that of every $100 paid in Southern taxation $91.50 is paid by white people.

The first and most important effect of this education is the establishment of law and order. While lawlessness is still the curse of some sections, there is, even in the "black belts" of the Gulf States, a steady, if slow, advance towards good government, the gain in every ten years being noticeable. Gen. Armstrong admits that he did not himself believe this until his own observations and the opinions of some thoughtful Southern men convinced him of it. He finds the popular talk about the negro to be in a hopeless key; but to the direct question, "Are the laborer's pigs and poultry and crops safer than ten years ago? are the loafer and thief more likely to get their due? are the negroes inclined to get homesteads?" the answer is usually, "Yes." While there are, unquestionably, multitudes of "low-down" negroes and many wretched neighborhoods, intelligent white men everywhere in the South admit that the line between the good and the bad is every year more distinctly drawn—a sure proof of progress.

The gain was never so rapid as now, and Gen. Armstrong believes that "this basis of hope is beyond the reach of any political pressure." Indeed, he thinks that politics had better be dismissed from consideration, and that time through education is the only cure of the evils which remain. "Increasing enterprise at the South and the new industrial life of the people," he says, "are helpful conditions, and, where they are supplemented by education, are pushing the better part of the negro race into prosperity, giving them a place and making them a power. The talk of disfranchisement is idle; it comes too late; the negro is not what he was twenty-five years ago, and the next half-century will see great changes. As prosperity creates social distinctions, political divisions will follow, and the human nature of both races may be trusted to adjust the relations, which are, indeed, to-day, generally amicable. In those localities where lawlessness and injustice have repelled capital and immigration, the penalty of impoverishment is the swift result, and Government can do little; the people must finish the work of reconstruction."

By a curious and encouraging coincidence, we receive this report of Gen. Armstrong, the most prominent white educator of Southern negroes, at the same time with the appearance in Charleston, S. C., of the *New South*, a paper printed and edited by colored men, which in its salutatory preaches exactly the same sound doctrine. "We believe," it says, "that the future of the negro depends infinitely more upon his own efforts than upon any other agency at work in his behalf. There is no railroad for the negro. He must ascend the ladder of moral, material, and intellectual development as other races have done; and it seems to us that it is high time for him to cease following the *ignis fatuus* of politics, and begin the work of development upon those lines only on which real progress is possible. The politician has long since exhausted his storehouse in the negro's behalf."

It is thus obvious that, in the opinion alike of the wisest whites and of the wisest blacks, "the negro problem" is solving itself as rapidly as could be expected, and

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in the only way that solution is possible. Interference from the "Bill" Chandlers and Gov. Forakers of the North can only work harm.

TRADE COMBINATIONS IN GERMANY.

THE development of pools and syndicates in Germany has gone quite as far as in America. The same industrial causes have been at work in each case; but the result in Germany has been more complete, because the legislation of that country has been more consistent. In the United States we have encouraged them by tariffs, and at the same time have tried to prohibit them by State laws. In Germany the internal as well as the external policy of the Government has been favorable to their growth.

The first important German syndicate, that of the tin-plate-makers, dates from 1862. Few others were formed until after the crisis of 1873. The period of depression which followed, combined with the gradual development of protective tariffs, caused them to multiply rapidly in the years from 1876 to 1880. Kleinwächter, writing in 1883, says that at that time there was hardly a branch of trade which did not have its combination or syndicate. Matters have gone so far that syndicates as such have a newspaper which is their avowed champion and official organ. This paper gives the following list of combinations existing at the beginning of the present year, which, for Germany at any rate, may be taken as authentic:

(1.) International combinations: International steel-rail pool (of long standing but temporarily broken up); Austro-German iron syndicate; international mining conventions for the sale of lead, tin, and zinc; international conference of glassworks; international dynamite trust; thread-manufacturers' combination; Anglo-German strontianite syndicate; herring-fisheries agreement; copper syndicate.

(2.) German trade combinations: Four separate coal and coke combinations for different districts; cast-iron combination of the Rhenish Westphalian district; German rolling-mills union, with four distinct subdivisions; iron-ties combination; union of wire manufacturers; four combinations of tin-workers; union of steel wheel-makers; union of fork-manufacturers; brass rolling-mills union; zinc association; lead syndicate; lime combination; cement union; glass-manufacturers' union; brick-makers' union; soda syndicate; bromide combination; potash combination; white-lead syndicate; "sulphonal" syndicate; oil-manufacturers' union; three distinct syndicates of salt works; bank of alcohol producers (which has recently failed); Bavarian society for the sale of alcohol, preliminary cotton-thread union; Southern cloth syndicate; jute syndicate; Saxony embroiderers' union; wrapping-paper association; cardboard association; paper-bag combination.

To this list, which is an authoritative one, should be added several transportation companies, and the vast number of railroad pools which have been encouraged and systematized from the very outset, the Government itself, on its own lines, actively taking part in such contracts.

It is interesting to see how pools work where they are thus recognized and favored. Let us take in detail the history of the rolling mill syndicate, as given by Professor Brentano. This association was formed in 1887. It was arranged for three years, to terminate at the end of 1890. It originated in Silesia, and was by no means the first combination of the sort, one having been formed soon after the crisis of 1873 and another in 1883. The present arrangement differs from its predecessors in being more complete. In 1877 the representatives of the Silesian mills, with one exception, placed their sales under the direction of a single agency. The plan worked so well that the Association soon extended itself to the Rhine and Westphalia districts as well as to central Germany. The south German works joined somewhat later. The territory of the Association is now divided into four groups corresponding to the geographical divisions just mentioned. Each set of works has a monopoly in its own district. The proportions to be sold by the different mills are controlled by a central bureau or clearing-house in Berlin. Besides these separate territories there are a number of neutral grounds (East and West Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Brandenburg, and Saxony) where partial competition is allowed, but every precaution is taken against cutting prices.

As far as internal competition goes, the whole matter seems to be accurately regulated, and a further extension of the arrangement prevents complications from the Austrian side. But the possible competition of England or Belgium or of those few German mills which do not belong to the Association has some curious consequences. In the first place, the product is shipped to foreign countries other than Austria at much lower prices than are charged in Germany. In the second place, deliveries at frontier stations are made at a price corresponding to that for which foreign producers are willing to deliver, that price being, of course, somewhat increased by the German tariff. As stations are further and further from the frontier, the price becomes higher and higher, proportionately to the increase of railroad charge which prevents the cheap delivery of foreign iron. Again, prices are usually made somewhat lower in large cities than in small ones, and purchasers on a large scale are given rebates.

If it happens that an independent German mill makes lower prices than those fixed by the syndicate, the nearest mill belonging to the Association has not merely the right but the duty to compete, and any losses which it may suffer from rate-cutting are made up out of the common purse. This renders outside competition dangerous. A further means at the command of the Association for suppressing such competition is not unlike the American method of boycotting. No one mill is likely to furnish rolled iron in all its forms. If a manufacturer deals with a producer outside of the syndicate, the other associated mills will not furnish him his necessary supplies, or will furnish them only on such conditions as seriously hamper his activity.

For the present the arrangement seems perfectly strong. The authorities approve of it; the law makes an agreement of this kind enforceable against the various members; the deposits which they have made make it dangerous to withdraw. All this strength only makes the possible abuse of the system more noticeable. For the present, at any rate, the policy of the Association as just outlined involves all the abuses to which monopolies have been liable in the United States. The arrangement favors the large producer at the expense of the small producer; it favors the large city at the expense of the small; it gives a special advantage to those who have the benefit of foreign competition, so that shipments to foreign countries are actually made at much lower prices than home deliveries. Whether prices will be steadied, remains to be seen.

The history of the rolling-mills, as thus outlined, represents fairly enough the facts with regard to the arrangement of other pools in other lines of industry. We have given it simply as a set of facts with comparatively little comment. It is too early to predict with anything like certainty what will come of it. The German Government obviously regards with favor a centralized organization of industry. It is in harmony with the centralized military system and with the methods of compulsory insurance, which have the indirect effect of reducing the laborers to more complete dependence even while apparently making a provision for their old age. Under such circumstances it is natural that the Government should be ready to help the organization, and to disregard the possible effects on the public. In America, where we have no systematic policy on these matters, we may expect self-contradictory legislation for some time to come.

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MAY 16, 1889.

A CAREFUL examination of the Royal Academy Exhibition does not encourage one in any great hope for the art of the future. A certain tendency to realism exists, it is true, among the younger men, with a desire for better drawing and some definite method of painting, but all improvement ends here: very little power of invention can be detected, very few efforts at historic painting or ideal work of any kind among the rising painters. As is to be expected, the principal places on the line are occupied by the works of the R. A.'s themselves and the Associates, and this insures the usual degree of merit or of commonplace in the general aspect of the rooms; for if some are rather below the mark one year, others may have surpassed themselves, so that it is in the work of outsiders that we would seek some promise of progress, and it is disappointing to find so little to arrest one's attention in all these acres of pictures.

A work which seems to have immediately met with recognition is "The Prodigal Son" of Mr. J. M. Swan, an animal painter of great distinction, who studied in Paris, and whose drawings of animals were much praised by Ruskin many years ago. His work hangs on the line, although he exhibits here for the first

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time this year. Black swine among scarlet poppies, green grass, and weeds, surround the prodigal, who sits with his back towards us on a stone, his head resting in his hands in an attitude of despair. The landscape around him is arid, the sky dark and ominous, yet all is full of splendid, harmonious color; and although nothing could exceed the perfection with which flowers and leaves and stones are painted, the detail is never obtrusive. The swine are admirably drawn; the prodigal himself, though good in general effect of flesh painting, is the least satisfactory point in the picture.

Mr. John Sargent's portrait of Henschel the singer is a very vivid sketch, an excellent likeness, done with great skill and facility of handling; but it gives the impression of being rather under life-size, which is unfortunate. The head of Irving the actor, another sketch, is also good as a likeness, although Sargent has exaggerated the massive black eyebrows, and there is too much evidence of hasty execution for it to be agreeable as a work of art. The full-length portrait of Mrs. G. Gribble is the most important work he sends here this year. The lady turns towards the spectator with figure in profile; she is hugging a gray fur boa up against her cheek; her dress, of black-striped velvet and satin, is admirably painted; the background is gray blue. The whole picture is harmonious and quiet, and brings out the delicate bright tints of the fair head and bare arms.

"All Hands to the Pumps," by H. S. Tuke, is also excellent in quality of painting and in careful rendering of individual expression in the faces of the sailors. Only one thing does not explain itself: if the men are supposed to be actually at work, why are their hands quite passive on the pumps? We rather suppose, from their attentive, eager faces, all looking towards the same point, that they are expecting the captain's order for action. The wave-swept deck, and the intense anxiety on every face, help to tell of the excitement of the moment. Arthur Lemon's "Outpost of Gauls on the Roman Campagna" is one of the most interesting landscapes in the exhibition, both in subject and in execution. No. 1128, "The Sea-mew's Nest: an Idyl of Morocco," by E. Wauters, a Belgian artist, attracts one by its simple, broad execution, and truthful color. A young Moorish girl in white, carrying on her back her little sleeping sister, is looking at some object beyond the white sea wall across which her arm lies stretched. The girl, the wall, and the distance are all bathed in the golden sunlight of the East; only the children's brown faces tell in dark color in the midst of so much light. The Eastern type of the elder child, without any actual beauty of form, by its excellent drawing and relief makes the picture, simple as it is, very remarkable. Edward King, a name we have not before noticed, has a very clever work with the inscription, "That it may please Thee to protect all fatherless children and widows." We see the interior of a pew in a village church, in which is seated a lady in black, who is trying to awaken to the service the attention of a very small boy. Her little girl beside her, in large white poke bonnet, is looking out of the corners of her eyes, with a most amusing expression of virtuous indignation at her little brother. The background, of gray stone column, with the light coming through a window, is very well managed; the severity of color in the work, limited to black, white, and gray, suits the character of the scene very well. The expression of both mother and children is excellent, and the manner of painting as good as anything here.

Among the works of outsiders, Mr. S. J. Solomon's main contribution is chiefly notable for its great size. Year after year he sends to the Academy immense compositions which cannot fail to arrest attention and invite criticism. These canvases are invariably filled with half-nude figures in violent action, and the forcible drawing is rendered still more striking by the high exhibition key of color which he paints up to. "Sacred and Profane Love" is the name he has chosen this year; and in all truth, if he has chosen a title used by Titian before him, his work in no way plagiarizes the great Venetian master. It is a very unattractive composition, not even painted with Solomon's usual skill. The centre of the canvas is filled by the protecting angel, with vast outstretched wings. Under the left wing, husband, wife, and child are taking refuge; the man looks back in terror and aversion to Profane Love, who, in the immediate foreground, in unseemly undress, pelts her victim with roses while dragging him over a precipice. This figure, supposed to represent beauty, does not at all realize the artist's intention: the lurid light and confusion in this part of the picture are quite bewildering. Mr. Solomon's less pretentious works, the portrait of Sir J. Simon, Serjeant-at-law (No. 1239), and the portrait of Miss Raphael (No. 393), have more merit. No. 756, "The Harbor Bar," of Adrian Stokes, is a sea-piece full of charm. Fishing-boats, with red-brown sails, are starting for the night's work. One sees the gray sands in the foreground, and beyond the sea dark clouds covering the evening sky, still tinged with sunset gold.

We now turn to the work of the Royal Academicians themselves, not having space to mention many good landscapes, a branch of art which seems to be more adapted than any other to the English temperament. Sir John Millais's "Murthly Water," No. 74, is a faithful transcript of nature. The Tay near Dunkeld is the running river we see in the clear light of a bright autumnal afternoon; purple hills in the distance meet the wind-swept sky. The short bracken turning orange, the dry grass and fallen leaves, the bare trees with logs lying in the foreground, with the half of a boat, beside which two fishers are trying their luck, show that Sir J. Millais's hand has not lost its cunning, and that he still has the power of doing excellent work. No. 242, "The Old Garden," is less successful: the empty space of path in the foreground near the fountain seems to require figures to make a picture; the tall, well-trimmed hedges are rather monotonous in painting, and the yew trees beyond are done in a slovenly manner.

Two works of the President, Sir Frederick Leighton, hang in the first room—"Invocation," No. 31, and "The Sybil," No. 25. They are both astonishingly bad. The descriptions and incidents concerning their production which have been given to the public by the daily press and the magazines, had stirred up much interest in these pictures, so that many will be disappointed to find that, after all has been said and done, it is the same well-known face of Sir F. Leighton's model draped in the usual fashion, only the oft-repeated theme has lost interest and charm. The color is more muddy than usual in the "Sybil," and still more lifeless and waxen in the "Invocation." For this latter we hear that the arms had to be modelled in clay so as to preserve the swing of the drapery in this difficult position. It is in the *Magazine of Art* for this month that reproductions from studies of draperies and studies for the nude for these figures are to be found, with a full account of Sir Frederick's method of work. After all, it is not the affair of the public to know how each artist does his work, but simply to judge of what is presented to it as finished and complete. Even less pleasing are the Greek maidens playing at ball on a housetop, in the long gallery, No. 300. The grace of line which characterizes almost all the works of our accomplished President is here completely wanting; the figures are neither graceful in action nor possible. The shoulders of the girl who has just thrown the ball make a very ugly line, hiding her face, and her draperies are too much broken up to give the idea of the momentary action of the figure. The girl who is trying to catch the ball stands poised on the tip of one foot with legs far apart; the attitude is not possible. The color is very much the usual combination of mulberry red and yellow green, with blue and white in the sky and mountainous distance.

There is great poetic feeling and a good quality of moonlight effect in Frank Dicksee's "The Passing of Arthur" (No. 150). The barge, rowed by spectral oarsmen, is just leaving the shore; the three Queens surround King Arthur, whose face, pale in death, lies on the lap of one, while another kisses his hand. The oarsman standing at the stern is pushing the barge out from among the thick reeds which fringe the shore. The head of the King is very weak and destroys the interest of the work, which reminds one strongly of the poetic conceptions of Poole, an Academician of some twenty years ago.

Alma-Tadema has sent but one picture, "At the Shrine of Venus," the interior of a Roman barber's shop, painted with all the perfection of texture and harmony of color which makes his work so remarkable. Two ladies are reclining on a couch waiting for their turn. The one, with loosened locks, is gazing into a hand-glass; the other is listlessly holding hers downwards. Their draperies are purple and pale yellow, while a third lady in gray is entering the shop. She is holding a flower in her hand, an offering to Venus. One sees arranged along the street which makes the background a row of wigs of different hues, and a huge blue amphora, between which appear the heads of the passers-by, discussing the wares; two attendants fill up the space within the shop. The figures are remarkably graceful, and have more beauty of feature than usual with this great master of detail. G. F. Watts sends a roguish Cupid knocking at a door, his head covered with a monk's cowl; he is looking around, with mischief in his eyes, at the spectator. His lank figure, with wings of bright red, orange, blue, and tawny white, is by no means hidden by the monk's habit trailing behind him. This work is very characteristic of Mr. Watts's manner of painting. "The Habit does not make the Monk" is its title.

Mr. John Brett's landscapes have at any rate the merit of careful study of nature, and his subject this year (No. 414) is interesting: "The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stags," the well-known rocks on the Cornish coast—a splendid sea-view, full of color in the rocks. Unfortunately, his painting of sea is too metallic and small to get any breadth of effect. There is too much detail everywhere. Mr. Boughton's full-size portrait picture of two ladies on a seat in a garden near the sea, across which the sun is setting, is not good. His method is not adapted for this large scale of figure-painting. His other piece, "A Salmon River, the Beauly, Inverness-shire," No. 465, has more the qualities we expect to find in his work, though even here the interest of the figures is very slight. No. 243, "The Young Duke," by W. Q. Orchardson, is one of the pictures of the year by merit of its painter rather than by any

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interest of its own. The Young Duke, who, with his friends, is in Louis XV. periwig and flowing coat, sits at a table laden with flowers, fruit in silver dishes, Venetian glasses full of wine. His boon companions stand drinking his health, while he lolls vapidly back in his chair. The faces seem for the most part to have been painted from the same model. Besides this monotony of form, there is also throughout a pervading tint of yellow ochre. The table, coming close to the spectator, seems, by an awkward effect of perspective, to carry objects of immense size compared to the heads behind them, which are supposed to be far off. No. 255, "Preparing for the Festival of Anubis," is the most important of E. Long's Egyptian scenes. A girl stands holding a blue vase, watching with apparent interest some performing dogs who are telling out letters at the bidding of a priest sitting on the ground.

Briton Riviere, the very popular painter of birds and beasts, has two works, of which the most noticeable is No. 231, "Of a fool and his folly there is no end." A number of horsemen whose steeds have been started by a court jester, in scarlet robes, on a donkey, brandishing a bladder full of peas, are being carried full pelt down a steep hillside. A most accomplished painter of horses is Mr. Andrew C. Gow, whose manner recalls Meissonier, although his work is not so brilliant in touch as that of the French master. Gow's subject is taken from Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.' King Charles I., on a white charger with the Prince, surrounded by his cavaliers, is before the walls of Kingston-upon-Hull in 1642. He is parleying with Sir J. Hotham, Governor of the town, with drawbridge up and gates closed against him; the Cavaliers, with drawn swords and horses firmly held in, are relieved against the red-brick ramparts and the city moat. The Humber with its shipping is in the distance. The whole picture is very well composed, and tells its story thoroughly; the drawing throughout is excellent. The horses, all very impatient of standing still, are especially good in action.

Herkomer has no less than eight works this year, of which seven are portraits painted in his usual manner, only, as years go on, that manner is getting more monotonous and the work seems done with less care and feeling. His only subject picture, "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," has been purchased by the Academy for the Chantrey bequest, and this acquisition will without doubt meet with criticism from those who understand that bequest as applying either to the best work of the year or to that of some young struggling artist, for under neither of these conditions could Herkomer's work be classed; the picture being a very poor one. The pensioners are assembling before the service in the chapel of the Charterhouse. They are all covered with their black cloaks. We learn from a note in Mr. Blackburn's catalogue that Professor Herkomer chose the faces of the pensioners not from the Charterhouse brethren, but, wishing to depict types, he painted characteristic faces from among his friends. We can understand that the subject might be treated in a very interesting manner, but unfortunately this is not the case, for neither in arrangement nor in painting is this work distinguished.

We must now pass on to the Sculpture Gallery, where Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Arcadian Shepherd," his principal work this year, holds the post of honor. The figure of the young shepherd is of heroic proportions. He is walking down hill, his head raised with parted lips as if singing for joy of youth and strength. His outstretched arms curl round his crook, which he is holding behind his shoulders, and curving by the action of his arms, the left arm being extended on a level with the shoulder, while the right lies along the figure to the elbow, then stretches out with hand round the crook. The play of muscles throughout the torso is very fine; the ribs show the drag of the uplifted arm. The weakest point is the setting of the head on the shoulders, and perhaps the Greek character of the work would demand greater simplicity in the head. The statue is in tinted plaster. It is meant to be cast in bronze, and will undoubtedly look finer in that substance. The most attractive work in this gallery is Mr. Onslow Ford's "Singer," in bronze, a young Egyptian girl standing beside her harp. Her arms, with slight outward curve, hang down; one hand is striking the strings of her instrument richly ornamented with enamel in color. The stand and column on which the statuette is placed are also in bronze cloisonné. The figure is about three feet in height. The head is thrown back with half-closed eyes; an Egyptian head-dress hangs on either side of the cheeks. The whole thing has a very charming decorative character, very Eastern in type of figure and face.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends a small bronze copy of his well-known statue of "Teucer," now in the South Kensington Museum. The statuette is far more pleasing than the statue. The same artist also sends two bronze panels for the Gordon memorial in Melbourne. In the first, Gordon is seen teaching ragged boys at Gravesend; the second represents the death of Gordon at Khartum. In both, the subjects are treated literally, without any beauty of line or form, truth to nature only having been considered. Modern costume does not lend itself to sculpture, and the result of these faithful representations is very dull. Mr. Gilbert has a bust of G. F. Watts. The head seems to be rather larger than life, and has not the refinement of feature and expression of the great painter. The pose of the head is not at all characteristic, and the pupils of the eyes are too deeply scooped away. Harry Bates's "Hounds in Leash" is a fine work injured by the rather monotonous treatment of surface; man and dogs having exactly the same quality of roughness. A very good portrait bust of Robert Browning is by Miss Henrietta Montalba. J. E. Boehm has a portrait of the late Frank Holl, and Mr. J. M. Swan a bronze study of a young Himalayan tiger. We must also notice a bronze head of a girl resembling in purity of type and in pathetic expression some early Florentine master. It has the line "In silence prayeth she" for a title, and is by G. G. Frampton.

The water colors and pastels are unusually poor this year: as very few people, comparatively, visit the water-color room at the Academy, it is not surprising that members of the societies are better content to exhibit only at their own exhibitions. One realistic scene is forcibly given in pastel by Hubert Vos: it is a room in the Brussels almshouse for women. While neither beautiful nor refined in treatment, it has the quality of being very like the real thing; and this appeals to many picture-seers who do not care about art excepting as representing faithfully what they see and know.

HARRIET SHELLEY AND CATHERINE NUGENT.—I.

DUBLIN, May 11, 1889.

As is well known, Shelley, with his girl-wife Harriet, aged sixteen (and her sister), visited Dublin early in 1812, a few months after their marriage. It is not so well known that one Catherine Nugent, aged forty, shop-assistant to Mr. Newman, a furrier, who carried on business at No. 101 Grafton Street, then became intimate with the young people for some years, and kept up a correspondence with Harriet. She was a woman of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament—in thought and feeling what would be called much above her station in life. She had been intimate with many of the leaders of the patriotic party, and was well prepared to appreciate the spirit in which the Shelleys came to Ireland. Her silhouette, taken at a somewhat later period, is before me.* It depicts a countenance singularly bright, attractive, and perspicacious. I have no doubt she is referred to by Dr. Anster in his article on Shelley in the *North British Review* for 1847. He was intimate with her, and an expression which will be found in letter ii of the correspondence occurs in that article:

"One copy of Shelley's pamphlet was obtained through an Irish friend of Shelley's, whose acquaintance with the poet originated accidentally. A poor man offered the pamphlet for a few pence—its price stated on the title-page was five pence. On being asked how he got it, he said a parcel of them were given him by a young gentleman who told him to get what he could for them—at all events, to distribute them. Inquiry was made at Shelley's lodgings to ascertain the truth of the vender's story. He was not at home, but when he heard of it he went to return the visit, and a kindly acquaintanceship thus arose. The Shelleys, husband and wife, were then Pythagoreans. Shelley spoke as a man believing in the metempsychosis, and they did not eat animal food. They seem, however, to have tolerated it; for on one occasion a fowl was murdered for our friend's dinner. Of the first Mrs. Shelley, the recollection of our friend is faint, but is of an amiable and unaffected person, very young and very pleasing, and she and Shelley seemed much attached."

The following extract of a letter from Harriet Shelley to Eliza Hitchener, dated Dublin, March, 1812, prepares us for a knowledge of this friendship. It was discovered by Denis F. MacCarthy in the Irish Record Office (whither, probably, it had drifted through some interception of Shelley's letters and papers by the Government), and is to be found in his 'Shelley's Early Life':

"I believe I have mentioned a new acquaintance of ours, a Mrs. Nugent, who is sitting in the room now and talking to Percy about virtue. You see how little I stand upon ceremony. I have seen her but twice before, and I find her a very agreeable, sensible woman. She has felt most severely the miseries of her country, in which she has been a very active member. She visited all the prisons in the time of the rebellion, to exhort the people to have courage and hope. She says it was a dreadful task; but it was her duty, and she would not shrink from the performance of it. This excellent woman, with all her notions of philanthropy and justice, is obliged to work for her subsistence. To work in a shop which is a furrier's. There she is every day confined to her needle. Is it not a thousand pities that such a woman should be so dependent upon others? She has visited us this evening for about three hours, and is now returned home. The evening is the only time she can get out in the week. But Sunday is her own, and then we are to see her. She told Percy that her country was her only love, when he asked her if she was married. She called herself Mrs. I suppose on account of her age, as she looks rather old for a Miss. She has never been out of her own country, and has no wish to leave it."

A close intimacy was formed between Harriet Shelley and Catherine Nugent, and a correspondence ensued of which Harriet Shelley's share was preserved. I copied the following letters eight years ago from the originals in the possession of Catherine Nugent's niece. Professor Dowden had the use of my manuscript

*I have also in my possession a mask and a daguerreotype taken after death.

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when writing his 'Life of Shelley.' He loyally adhered to an agreement not to copy any portion or give any clue to its existence. The death of Catherine Nugent's only representative now renders possible their publication.*

I.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

If you are not engaged will you give us your company this eveng. as Mr. S. is not at home. Bring your work. Yours truly

To Mrs. Nugent, H. S.

Weddy. 17 Grafton St.

II.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Mrs. Shelley's compts. to Mrs. Nugent, and expects the pleasure of her company to dinner, 5 O'clock, as a murdered chicken has been prepared for her repast.

Sundy. Morng.

17 Grafton Street.

III.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Direct Nantguilte, April 16th [1812], Rhayader, Radnorshire, South Wales.

My Dear Mrs. Nugent,

After travelling over an immense tract of country in the hopes of finding a house in which it would be our greatest joy to welcome a *native of that country* so dear to my recollection, tho' at the same time so painful to the feelings of one who unfortunately, being an *Englishwoman*, must never hope to see realized her warmest wishes in behalf of a *nation* so deserving of every happiness which this and the next world can afford. You know when we left Dublin the wind was against us; but by making several tacks we contrived to get out of harbour, and continued sailing 36 hours when we had been informed that at the most we should certainly be no more than 12 hours. There is no dependance upon the word of a sailor, you may have heard me say, and now I am more confirmed in it. We did not arrive at Holyhead till near 2 Oclock on Monday morning. Then we had above a mile to walk over rocks and stone in a pouring mist before we could get to the inn. The night was dark and stormy; but the sailors had lanterns, or else I think it would have been better to have remained on board. As soon as we could get supper we did. We did not eat anything for 36 hours all the time we were on board, and immediately began *upon meat*; you will think this very extraordinary, but Percy and my sister suffered so much by the voyage, and were so much weakend by the vegetable system, that had they still continued it would have been seeking a premature grave. I fared the best of any as I slept most part of the time. On Tuesday we began travelling and that day week we found our way here. Strange as it may appear, we have been all through North Wales to find a house, but not one presented itself, nor should we have this if a very unpleasant circumstance had not taken place. The person to whom it belongs was a sea captain, and a brother in law of his has involved him in bankruptcy by very unfair means, and has himself absconded with £2,000, therefore now all this mans property is to go to satisfy the creditors. He was his partner in this countrys bank and has defrauded many people of their money. The beauty of this place is not to be described. It is quite an old family house, with a farm of 200 acres meadow land. The rent is £98 a year, which we think very cheap; but by letting a part of the farm we can reduce it to £20 per annum. I must now say adieu. We all unite in kind regards, and believe me your sincere *friend* H. S.

IV.—P. B. Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Nantgwilt, May 7, 1812. Whayader Radnorshire, North Wales.

My dear Madam:

Harriet is now recovering from an intermittent brought on by the fatigues of our journey. I have been considerably anxious about her though I have no doubt but that in a short time she will be able to thank you for your kind letter, and inform you herself of her convalescence. Your letter arrived yesterday morning Accept our sincerest united thanks, for tho' you are Harriet's correspondent remember that you were first my friend. I shall not readily forget the greatness of mind on your part that presented me with a knowledge of you. How unequally has the detestable system by which human beings govern their affairs distributed poverty and wealth. How much do you suffer from the distribution. Had you the millions which the Prince will possess. How would England not be benefited were he compelled to sit in Mr. Newman's shop and sew fur on to satin. In what would she be injured. That this remark is not meant for flattery you will believe. No, your opinion of your own abilities is far too low. With regard to the notions you may have framed of abstract perfection, I know not how true or how false your opinion of yourself may be; but this I know that with regard to what human nature is your character is formed to excite that esteem and attachment which our little party feels for you. I fear that hunger is the only excitement of our English riotings; any change which they may produce appears to me likely to be devoid of principle and method. I sincerely hope that a just indignation against that crowned coward and villain the Prince does prevail, but I do not think that it has gained any strength. The local Militia, that body of soldiery nearest approaching and immediately mingling with the character of citizen have been called out near Carlisle and other great towns to quell the populace. That the Government has dared to call the local into action appears to be an evidence that at least they do not think that disaffection to Government (except so far as directly connected with starvation) has any share in these tumults. War with America appears in a manner now inevitable. Ministers have been at some *ministerial* work in that country, viz., Capt. Hemgd., Sir [paper torn] Craig. Redfern's letters have not yet been distributed. They were packed in a box which we left at Holyhead; but which we expect by the carrier tonight. Remember me to Reynolds; tell him I shall not be idle about Redfern, and that as soon as I have done anything I will write to him. We expect to take possession of this house and farm on Thursday next. Accept, my esteemed friend, from that time the sincerest welcome that our warm hearts can give you. Believe that if anything can add to the pleasure we shall receive from your visit it will be the earliness of the period which you fix for its commencement. With sincerest wishes for your peace and health, in which Harriet and Eliza join, believe me, yours most truly. P. B. Shelley.

Did you see Sir F. Burdett's speech on the Marylebone Baneichs [?]*

V.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Direct Cum Elan, June 7th [1812], Rhayader Radnorshire, S. W.

My dear Mrs. Nugent

So long a time has passed since we have had the pleasure of hearing from you that the various conjectures arising in our minds as to the cause require explanation. I am sure of this, should you chance to receive my letter. But in the meantime let me tell you all our disappointments. First, then you will see from the date of this that we are not at our beloved Nantgwylt. Alas that charming spot is, I am afraid, never destined to be ours! The possessor cannot settle with Percy, and indeed he has acted such a *villanous* part that we have been obliged to leave him, and for a few days take up our residence at Mr. Groves, about a mile and a half from our favourite residence. You may imagine our sorrow at leaving so desirable a spot, where every beauty seems centred. I had hoped to have seen you there; but I am afraid I must relinquish and with sorrow so fallacious a wish. We have some thoughts of going to Italy till Percy is of age, as the same difficulty will attend us wherever we. [*sic*] One very great inducement to go to Italy is the warmth of the climate, as Percy's health is so extremely delicate that the cold air of this country is not likely to benefit him. What have you thought upon the murder of the Prime Minister? Undoubtedly it was very distressing, but the man's composure is astounding. I think he was a Methodist from his behaviour. I am sorry for his family. It had been better if they had killed Lord Castlereagh. He really deserved it; but this poor Mr. P. I believe was a very good private character. Do you not think it nonsense for all the little towns and villages to send petitions to the Prince upon the occasion. I suppose Ireland has not done anything half so silly. How do your poor countrymen go on? I hope things are not so scarce there as here. How very lovely the weather is now. Summer comes at last and with it brings its disappointment for you are not the only one I had hoped to have seen at Nantgwylt. Godwin's children were to come to us; but our evil genius has stepped in and forbid us that happiness. We are to begin travelling again soon and where to bend our steps I know not; but we think of going to the seaside until our passports come. We must remain here until we receive remittances from London. Percy is related to Mr. Grove, and his wife is a very pleasant woman, tho' too formal to be agreeable. He is a very proud man. Therefore you may guess how we pass our time. Do you ever see Mr. Lawless. We hear from him sometimes. As to the poems I have no idea how and when they will come out. The printers are very slow in their operations. I must now conclude in hopes of hearing from you soon. Believe me your sincere, affectionate friend H. S.

Percy and Eliza desire to be remembered.

VI.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Direct Lymouth, June 30th [1812] near Barnstaple Devonshire

My dear Mrs. Nugent.

Now that we are again settled I take up the pen in the hope of giving that pleasure which I receive from reading your letter. I received it during my stay at Cum Elan and a few days after we left that lovely spot, and its amiable hostess for a journey to Chepstow, where we were in hopes of finding a house that would suit us, and where we might with pleasure receive the visit of one whose presence like the sun would make happy those who beheld her. Your letter damped the joy I felt from reading it, by seeing that you could not come to us this summer, for I had hoped tho' we had left Nangwylt that we should have been sure of a visit from you. However, I will say no more about it, as you must be the best judge of your own affairs, and I doubt not that were we to draw you from your own country we should be the means, tho' innocently, of depriving many of your unfortunate countrymen of that relief you know so well how to bestow. I will say this though I am a loser by it. Continue, oh amiable woman, the path marked out to thee by virtue and humanity, and let not the whisperings of selfishness in us take thee from so laudable an undertaking. We may yet meet ere this world shall close our eyes, and that we both desire it our hearts are the best judges. I will now tell you how we came into Devonshire. We arrived at Chepstow. We found the house not half built, and by no means large enough for our family. I did not regret it, as the country was by no means beautiful. We then proceeded into this country, and came to this place on our way to Ilfracombe, and the beauty of it has made us residents here for the summer months, when we think of going to London for the winter. It combines all the beau-

* The writing, except that in xvi, was beautifully clear and legible. There was not an erasure or alteration. The spelling was perfect. Where necessary and possible, dates from the postmarks have been supplemented in brackets. I, ii, xxi, xxii, xxiii, were written on note paper, vii and x, on folio paper, the others on letter paper, of various makes, mostly gilt-edged. xii and xvi were originally closed with a red seal "Truth," xvii with "Harriet" in German text, the others with wafers and seals of different colors and patterns, but no device. I. is simply addressed "Mrs. Nugent," ii "Mrs. Nugent, 101 Grafton St.," iii to xi "Mrs. Nugent, No. 101 Grafton Street, Dublin, Ireland"; xii to xxiii, with the exception of xix, "Mrs. Nugent, No. 101 Grafton Street, Stephen's-Green, Dublin, Ireland." The "101" or "No. 101" was generally in the lower left-hand corner of the address. I. and ii were evidently delivered by hand, xii was franked "Glasgow," xxi "Geo. T. Beresford." The rest passed through the post as ordinary paid letters. Occasional holes in the paper, obliterating words, generally arose from seal or wafer tears.

*I can find no reference in contemporary papers to elucidate this word.—A. W.

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ties of our late residence with the addition of a fine, bold sea. We have taken the only cottage there was, which is most beautifully situated, commanding a fine view of the sea, with mountains at the side and behind us. Vegetation is more luxuriant here than in any part of England. We have roses and myrtles creeping up the sides of the house, which is thatched at the top. It is such a little place that it seems more like a fairy scene than anything in reality. All the houses are built in the cottage style, and I suppose there are not more than 30 in all. We send to Barnstaple for everything, and our letters come but twice a week. It is 18 miles from Barnstaple, therefore one ought to be able to [paper torn] very well on a horse to get there. We have an immense precipice to descend into this valley, about 2 miles in length, which no carriage can come down. It seems as if nature had intended that this place should be so romantic and shut out from all other intercourse with the neighboring villages and towns. We have still our Irishman Daniel, whom you may remember in Grafton Street. I am afraid we shall be obliged to part with him, as we do not find him that useful servant we expected he would have [*sic*] Percy has some thoughts of sending him to Dublin, to see after his poems that are at the printers; but whether he will or not is impossible to say. We have not heard from Mr. Lawless now for some time. I suppose his present employment to my idea not very laudable, fills up his time so much that he cannot think of his absent friends. I hope this is not the case as I should be sorry, knowing him to be an Irishman, if it were true. I think he is a man of very great talent and abilities; but I am afraid that Mr. Curran will never lend him a helping hand. I must now say adieu, my dear friend, and may you ever feel that happiness which springs from conscious integrity and goodness of heart. Percy and Eliza desire to be most kindly remembered, and believe me ever your truly sincere and affectionate friend HARRIET.

VII.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

LYNMOUTH, August 4th [1812]

My dear Mrs. Nugent

Your affectionate letter gave us very great pleasure. To hear from those we love when it is not in our power to see them constitutes one of the greatest joys in existence. You may suppose how we laughed at the idea of the tempter, tho' how such a horrible looking creature should gain admittance to the garden of Eden at once surprises me and turns the sanctity of the whole into a burlesque. I suppose the ingenious discoverer has very good reasons and arguments to support his cause, tho' we may doubt if we like, the idea is truly ridiculous and laughable and how do the people take this new mode of accounting for how all the sin in the world arose. Will they believe it as soon as they would the other? If they do I should be inclined to think their belief is a mere matter of form and not an involuntary act. If they go on in this way we shall next hear, I suppose, of its being a bear or lion or anything else. I thank you in Percy's name for your kind offer of service, though at the same time we cannot accept it. The case is this. His printer refuses to go on with his poems until he is paid, Now such a demand is seldom made, as printers are never paid till the profits arising from the work come in, and Percy agreed with him to this effect, and as long as we staid in Dublin he wore the mask which is now taken off. However I am in great hopes that Mr. Lawless will get them from him. He is coming to London on business and then we shall see him. I wish to think well of him because he is your countryman, tho there is too much "the man of the world" about him. Perhaps he is different out of the city. If not, I shall still admire his talents, tho I shall have no high opinion of him. What do you think of Cobbett? A man that can change his opinions so quickly I do not admire, and particularly when he could write of Sir F. Burdett in such an abusive and contradictory a way. It seems to me that Cobbett merely changes his sentiments as occasion requires as best suits his interest. I hope I am mistaken, tho his behaviour looks very like it. Percy has sent you a defense of D. F. Eaton. It must not be published, but you will give us your opinion of it. What think you of Lord Stanhope?—divine being, how beautifully he speaks. We have sent him one as well as Sir F Burdett. Did you see a clergyman enter into his defence? I do not remember his name, but it was a very wonderful thing to hear a clergyman write for universal toleration. He said his standing in the pillory was an honour to him. I think the publick mind is very much in favour of Mr. Eaton. It looks well, does it not? Our friend Miss Hitchener is come to us. She is very busy writing for the good of mankind. She is very dark in complexion with a great quantity of long black hair. She talks a great deal. If you like great talkers she will suit you. She is taller than me or my sister, and as thin as it is possible to be. I hope you will see her some day. I should think that next summer you might take a peep at us. You may judge how much we all wish to see you. Your being an Irishwoman must interest us in your happiness independently of our knowing the amiable qualities you possess. I have read Miss Owensons "Missionary" and much do I admire the author. I am now reading her "Novice of St. Dominick." I regret not having known her when I was in Dublin. Her patriotic sketches have won my heart. She speaks so feelingly of your dear country that I love her for that. Miss Hitchiner has read your letter and loves you in good earnest. Her own expression. I know you would love her did you know her. Her age is 30. She looks like as if she was only 24 and her spirits are excellent. She laughs, and talks and writes all day. She has seen the Godwins and thinks Godwin different to what he seems, he lives so much from his family, only seeing them at stated hours. We do not like that; and he thinks himself such a very great man. He would not let one of his children come to us, just because he had not seen our faces. Just as if writing to a person in which we express all our thoughts, was not a sufficient knowledge of them. I know our friend whom we call *Bessy* just as well when we corresponded as I do now. Such excuses sit not well upon so great a literary character as he is. I might have expected such an excuse from a woman of selfish and narrow mind, but not from Godwin. I must now finish. They all unite in love and affection to our dear little Irishwoman, and believe me more than ever your sincerely attached and affectionate friend

H. S.

VIII.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

LYMOUTH, August 11th [1812.]

My dear Mrs. Nugent,

Your friend and our friend *Bessey* has been reading pieces of Irish history and is so much enraged with the characters there mentioned that nothing will satisfy her desire of revenge but the printing and publishing of them to exhibit to the world those characters which are (shameful to say) held up as beings possessing every amiable quality, whilst their hearts are as bad as it is possible to be. They will be shown to the world in a new light, and it will remain to be seen if that world does not repay them as they so eminently deserve. Percy thinks of printing it by subscription. 500 subscribers at seven shillings each will amply repay the printing and publishing. Percy intends to print some proposals for printing Pieces of Irish History, saying that every one whether Irish or English ought to read them. We depend upon you for many subscribers, as being upon the spot where so many of your exalted and brave countrymen suffered martyrdom. I should think there were very many would be glad to put their names to it. There must be many still smarting under the wounds they have seen their brave companions suffer, and all from this hated country of mine. Good God, were I an Irishman or woman how I should hate the English. It is wonderful how the poor Irish people can tolerate them. But I am writing to one who from her example shows them how they ought to tolerate this barbarous nation of ours. Thank God we are not all alike, for I too can hate Lord Castlereagh as much as any Irishwoman. How does my hearts blood run cold at the idea of what he did in your unfortunate country. How is it that man is suffered to walk the streets in open daylight! Oh if I were to meet him I really think I could fly at him, and tear him to pieces! I have drawn a likeness of him and Percy says it is a very good one. You know I have no pretensions to drawing; but sometimes I take up the pen and sketch faces. I have not preserved the horrible countenance but if I were to meet it I should it for him [*sic*]. I cannot bear Curran what use is he to your country? Was he active at the time of the Union? No! if he had been, tho' his life had been the sacrifice, Ireland would have been saved. I have no patience with Curran. I shall convert Mr. *Lawless* I hope from his *idol*. It is too sickening to hear him talk of Curran as he does. We are going to the valley of Llangothlin. It is much nearer to Ireland than we are here or even at Nangwylt. If we are there next summer I hope we shall see you. Bessy wishes very much to see you. Your last letter won her heart instantly Reading "Pieces of Irish History" has made her so low spirited. She possesses too much feeling for her own happiness. I am in great hopes she will get the better of her low spirits. May I ask how are your spirits and your health. If they are but as good as I wish them to be it will make me very happy. You do not let your feelings get the better of your reason If you do I am extremely sorry, as I shall know from that you are not as happy as you ought to be. They all unite in the kindest regards to the dear little Irishwoman, and believe me most sincerely your attached friend

H. S.

[Note added by P. B. Shelley.]

I shall print proposals for publishing by subscription, and if you could send us any names you would much benefit the *cause*. We determine at any rate to publish the Irish History. It is a matter of doubt with me whether any bookseller will dare to put his name to it. This will be no obstacle.

IX.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

LEWIS'S HOTEL, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON [undated, 1812].

My dear Mrs. Nugent

You will smile at my address, wondering how and where we have been during the long interval which has taken place since the receipt of your last letter. I believe I mentioned that we were going to the Vale of Langothlin there to remain at least for the winter season; but I know not how it is that whenever we fix upon any particular place of residence something comes to take us to another. Instead of going to Langothlen we went to a New town which is called Tremadoc. It is built upon land that has been saved from the sea by a Mr. Madock, M.P. for Boston. The character of this man is such as to call forth our warmest admiration and esteem. He is what we call a true *patriot* in every sense of the word. He loves his country dearly and always stands up for the interests and welfare of the poor. He is building an embankment which does honour to him and is an ornament to his country; but unfortunately possessing only a small fortune, when compared with the immense sums that others possess, he has not sufficient to finish the undertaking which has cost him 12 years hard labour. We came up to London in the hopes of raising a subscription that would finish; but as yet nothing is done. Bysshe's being a minor lays us under many unpleasant affairs and makes us obliged to depend upon in a great measure the will of others, in the manner of raising money, and without which nothing is to be done. We have seen the Godwins. Need I tell you that I love them all? You have read his works therefore you know how you feel towards the author. His manners are so soft and pleasing that I defy even an enemy to be displeased with him. We have the pleasure of seeing him daily, and upon his account we determined to settle near London. For long journeys do not agree with him, having never been in the habit of travelling when a young man. There is one of the daughters of that dear Mary

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Wolstoncroft living with him. She is 19 years of age, very plain, but very sensible. The beauty of her mind fully overbalances the plainness of her countenance. There is another daughter of hers, who is now in Scotland. She is very much like her mother, whose picture hangs up in his study. She must have been a most lovely woman. Her countenance speaks her a woman who would dare to think and act for herself. I wish you could share the pleasure we enjoy in his company. He is quite a family man. He has one son by his present wife a little boy of nine years old. He is extremely clever, and will I have no doubt, follow the same enlightened path that Godwin has before him. Godwin is particularly fond of Curran and I am to be introduced to Miss Curran on Sunday. How comes [or came] [paper torn] in England, can you solve this problem? You know that Mrs Godwin keeps a bookseller's shop. She conducts the whole herself. I am in great hopes she will succeed. They are sometimes very much pressed for enough ready money. They require such an immense capital; but taking every thing as it goes, I think they will succeed. The many trials that Mrs Godwin has had to encounter make me very much inclined to believe her a woman of great fortitude and unyielding temper of mind. There is a very great sweetness marked in her countenance. In many instances she has shown herself a woman of very great magnanimity and independence of character. Oh if you could see them all tomorrow. I am going to stay all day with them. G. is very much taken with Percy. He seems to delight so much in his society. He has given up everything for the sake of our society. It gives me so much pleasure to sit and look at him. Have you ever seen a bust of Socrates, for his head is very much like that? Percy, Bessey and Eliza desire to be remembered most affectionately to you. Percy says he wishes you to go to Stockdales, and get all his manuscript poems and other pieces. I am afraid you will be obliged to use a little manœuvre to get them In the first place you can say you wish to look at them, and then you may be able to stout them away from him. I leave it all to you, knowing you will do your best, in the way to obtain them, and believe me ever most sincerely your attached friend H. Shelley.

P. S. If I have said anything wrong pray forgive me.

X.—Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent.

Stratford upon Avon
November 14th [1812]

My dear Mrs. Nugent

My last letter to you was from London, which place I left on Friday the 13th, and am now on my way to Tunyralt our beautiful Welsh cottage. The reasons of your silence I am at a loss to account for. Unless your answer has not been delivered to me, a circumstance not at all impossible, considering the hotel we lodged at. Do not think from this that we are backward in our enquiries every day respecting letters. They are and always will be the first objects of our solicitude, when coming from so dear a friend as yourself. The lady I have so often mentioned to you, of the name of Hitchener has to our very great happiness left us. We were entirely deceived in her character as to republicanism, and in short everything else which she pretended to be. We were not long in finding out our great disappointment in her. As to any noble disinterested views it is utterly impossible for a selfish character to feel them. She built all her hopes upon being able to separate me from my dearly loved Percy, and had the artfulness to say that Percy was really in love with her, and it was only his being married that could keep her within bounds now. Percy had seen her once before his marriage. He thought her sensible but nothing more. She wrote continually, and at last I wrote to her, and was very much charmed with her letters. We thought it a thousand pities such a mind as hers appeared to be should be left in a place like that she inhabited. We therefore were very urgent for her to come and live with us; which was no sooner done than we found out our mistake. It was a long time ere we could possibly get her away, till at last Percy said he would give her a £100 per annum. And now thank God she has left us never more to return. We are much happier now than all the time she was with us. Have you been able to get the poems from Stockdale? If not it cannot be helped, but do pray write to us, for we are quite uneasy at not hearing from you for so long a time. Direct your letters to me at Tunyralt, near the town of Tremadoc (in Carnarvonshire, North Wales). It is 260 miles from London, but the loveliest place I have seen many a day. We are not very far from Ireland. If you could so manage it as to come to us in the Spring, you know not the happiness you would confer upon our little circle, which is now just as you beheld it in your own native air. I have got the Irish Melodies, which I intend to study. If you know of any good old Irish song I should esteem it a favor to hear of it. I must now say adieu, and believe me truly your affectionate friend

H. S.

Percy and Eliza desire not to be forgotten.

Alfred Webb.

Correspondence.

TWO KEYNOTES TO CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think that no one can have read your paper for the last few months without a conviction that civil-service reform in this country has proved a failure; that, notwithstanding the elaborate organization of the Civil-Service Commission, the political pressure for offices, if not as extensive, is just as great as ever; that how far it is yielded to depends entirely upon the personal character of the President; that even such resistance as was made by Mr. Cleveland showed almost superhuman resolution and strength of character, while the ordinary occupants of the Presidential chair which our system produces, would bend before it like a reed before the tempest; that public opinion cannot be kept up to the constant strain necessary to secure even partial success; and that there are signs that even the Civil-Service Commission, with its complete absence of public responsibility, may in time become the corrupt instrument of the spoils system.

There is no sweeter phrase which the human mouth can utter than, "I told you so," but I hope it is less in this spirit than for the lesson to be derived, that I refer to the fact that, from the outset, I have steadily maintained that this would and must be the result. So long as public office means not something to do, but something to get; as all leadership and individuality are absent from public life; as politics are built up from below and not guided from above; as nominations, and therefore elections, are made by anonymous bodies worked by trading wire-pullers, the people having no voice in and knowing nothing about the matter; as the elected do their work secretly, freed from responsibility, and therefore debarred from the possibility of honor and credit and the risk of personal condemnation—so long will no human force be adequate to prevent the offices from being used as the tools in the political game. The only way to prevent the President and the heads of departments (who, be it observed, hold full power in their hands) from joining in this game, is to make it cost them more to yield to than to refuse the office-seekers. This would be the case if these heads of departments had to stand up daily before a body of several hundred men, and therefore before the whole country, and were open to individual question and answer. A half-dozen determined civil-service reformers could make it so hot for them that before long they would rather beat off a whole tide of office-seekers than encounter such an ordeal.

It seems as if the sarcasms of such a paper as *Puck* must make the most thick-skinned wince; but they are seen by comparatively few persons and have no weight of authority. The same strokes would have a very different effect if applied in an arena towards which every eye in the country was naturally turned, and would be under such circumstances, with greatly increased interest.

It is a curious illustration of how political problems are repeated in national and local affairs, that your last number contains an attack upon Mayor Grant for filling the offices with the Tammany Democracy. The law of November, 1884, gave to the Mayor of New York the absolute power of appointment without confirmation by the Aldermen. It thus greatly increased the possibilities of good government by a good mayor without corresponding gain in the case of a bad mayor. The security should be precisely the same as with the general Government. If the Board of Aldermen, now apparently stripped of all functions except those of intrigue, were converted into a body of independent critics before whom the Mayor and his officials were compelled constantly to appear to make answer to individuals, the whole people of the city would be led to form an opinion of their Mayor, and to take an interest in electing the right man.

In a government by public opinion two things are necessary: first, that public opinion should be informed, and, secondly, that it should be brought to bear. And these things, again, are to be arrived at through two principles which, in our present organizations, are conspicuous by their absence—somebody to be responsible, and somebody to enforce responsibility. This is the keynote to civil-service or any other reform.

G. B.

Boston, June 1, 1889.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I enclose, in the form of a clipping from the Chicago *Journal* of May 18, a specimen of the sort of enlightenment this community obtains on the important subject of civil-service reform from one of its leading apostles of advanced thought, and a professed idealist at that, Prof. David Swing. The *Nation* alone, it seems to me, could so handle the rich material contained in this curious contribution to a discussion which I had hitherto regarded as advanced at least to the dead point where theoretic argument is exhausted, as to bring out the ludicrous aspect of this professorial plea for the better and more perpetual establishment of a government of offensive partisanship, by offensive partisanship, and for offensive partisanship.

Prof. Swing appears to be pretty well pleased with the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, and yet he does not bear himself as a contented and satisfied Republican ought. He toys with the vice of Mugwumpery to the extent of being afraid that Mr. Harrison "can easily resist the pressure of the abstract truth that the President should, on entering his office, cease to be a politician." On the other hand, he has had some vexatious experiences with the business working of the Chicago Post-office (which of us has not, I should like to know?), and this has satisfied him that "the Civil-Service Law has proved itself to be one of the failures of the age." He is alarmed lest a too scrupulous observance of its spirit prevents the clean sweep of which he sees the necessity; for "its cardinal idea was to make an infant-school of the nation, to which school green

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persons could be sent four years to be prepared for a second four years." Incompetency and illiteracy, protected by the Civil-Service Law, are everywhere battening on the emoluments of public office; eminent men are remaining abroad in our diplomatic service more than four years, to the great detriment of their country and patriotism, forgetting the simple republicanism to which they were erst inured, and acquiring a distaste for homespun American joys. "The average old-timer at Washington should be permitted to return to private life. He has become a part of a machine. His long term has not made him into a statesman, but into a boss." The outs are as bad as the ins, or worse—not because a large proportion are totally unfit and untrained for the offices they seek, and which the present incumbents do not particularly adorn, but rather because "all the men who, having served under Grant or Arthur, were discharged by Mr. Cleveland, are back now seeking office again under the new President." Such a spectacle of greed is indeed revolting! "Office-seekers, as a class, are a type of manhood that should be broken up."

The curve of Prof. Swing's thought presents a remarkable series of osculations with the perverse Mugwump doctrines he has condemned. It is the remedy for this state of things proposed by him that is radically different from anything the civil-service reformers have yet thought of. This is no less than "a Constitutional provision that should make all Federal offices expire at the end of four years, and never be renewable again to the same man." "Men who have served one term should be retired for ever." "Others just as capable and just as worthy are waiting." "That law would end 'offensive partisanship,' because a large amount of the vice of Presidential campaigns comes from the frantic efforts of those in office to remain in, and from the money raised by assessing those who are drawing salaries from the Nation."

In other words, we here have the edifying spectacle of a prominent literary and journalistic expounder of moral questions, a clergyman and a professional teacher, contending, ostensibly in the interest of efficient and decent government, for the principle that public office is a national feeding-trough, from which a Constitutional provision is to drive away greedy hogs, at the rate of 25,000 a year, in order that other animals may have their turn at the hog-wash. "No citizen should monopolize what honor there may be on the hands of the country to give to worthy sons."

I have long followed Mr. Swing's utterances with an unusual interest—an interest strengthened by the personal incident of having been his successor in one of the classical recitation-rooms at "old Miami" University—and with considerable sympathy. It is, therefore, as a representative of a portion of his audience whose prejudices are altogether in his favor that I would say to him: If such a political ideal as this, even though tempered by the highly practical collateral suggestion that "offices should be filled up by a process of selection in which the man selected should play no part," is the logical outcome of your idealism, we shall be compelled to look around us for an idealism of a totally different type.

Respectfully, ALFRED EMERSON.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, ILL., May 30, 1889.

BALLOT REFORM IN OHIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent enumeration of States where progress in ballot reform had been made, you failed to include Ohio, whose Legislature passed a local bill applicable to this city, providing for the printing and distribution of election tickets at public expense. A bill embodying the Australian plan for the whole State was introduced by Senator Taylor of Bedford, but failed by a single vote.

Respectfully, L. B. TUCKERMAN.

CLEVELAND, O., May 28, 1889.

THE PROTECTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In No. 1246 of the *Nation* you say: "We have not yet put any duty on the precious metals, but is it not time to do so?" In an interview with Gov. Stanford by G. A. Townsend, published in the San Francisco *Examiner* a week or two prior to the Presidential election, Gov. Stanford advocated the protection of American silver. The Western protectionist brain can advance more purely tom-fool theories than are dreamed of in the effete East. Y.

"TRY *AND*."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Caskie Harrison says that "with past tenses *and* cannot take the place of *to*." If usage is to be taken as the standard (and usage is a hard master) in this, as in the other instances cited by him, his statement does not hold good, for, shortly after reading his letter in the *Nation* of May 23, I came across the following passage in Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair': "Nor did Dobbin try and convince him that Amelia's happiness was not centred in turtle-soup." Who would venture to assert that *to* was not the correct expression here, as in the other instances given? Indeed, Prof. Harrison's very argument as to why *and* should not be used with the past is the chief reason why it might. He says: "The past being the domain of fact only, the main event, once contingent, either did or did not occur." This would be ample justification for saying "he tried and did it," though every one will acknowledge that the preliminary "is no longer important as such." In other words, it is only after the trying is over that we can say whether the main event did or did not happen as the result of the trying. As to the stress laid by Prof. Harrison on the past as being the domain of fact, the generic present is also the domain of fact, for the generic present embraces the past, too, so that when you say, "I try to read a little every day," the trying has already begun, the statement holding good for all time.

The quotation from Cicero (De Or. I, xlvi) I have *tried to find*, but have not succeeded. The passage may be incorrectly located. I will *try to find* it elsewhere. If I *try and find* it, I shall feel amply compensated for having tried, but even as early an instance as that, in classic Latin prose, can surely prove nothing. It may be regarded as an early exemplification of a tendency that is indefensible. It is illogical, whatever the language may be in which it occurs, and ought to be expunged from all. Cicero himself was guilty of such things even at his best, and his most ardent admirers will scarcely attempt to say that his diction was always perfect.

R. L. PRESTON.

CENTRAL UNIVERSITY, RICHMOND, KY., May 29, 1889.

THE STANDARD OF PRONUNCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few evenings ago I was at supper with a young physician from Glasgow. All of a sudden, apropos of nothing, he inquired, "What is the German for *yawt*?" "For what?" "For *yawt*, a boat." "Oh, you mean *yacht*. We call it *yŏt* in America." "Well, then, you are certainly wrong."

To avoid a dispute, I brought out a small pronouncing manual in which the various sounds of *o* are given, with three or four model words as keys to the pronunciation. We agreed in the pronunciation of all but two classes. *Wool*, *foot*, *good*, he pronounced *wule*, *fute*, *gude*. *Yacht* is transcribed *yŏt*, and the test words are *nŏt*, *ŏdd*, *resŏlve*, which he pronounced *nawt*, *awd*, *resawlve*. "So, you see," remarked he, "that you are wrong, even on the authority of your own book."

To this knockdown argument there was of course no reply; but in thinking over the affair since, I could not help asking myself whose pronunciation is to be taken as the standard in that golden age of the future when we shall all write "Glossic" or "Romic." Our spelling is without question a rock of offence and a stone of stumbling, but no inconsiderable obstacle in the way of reform is the inability to reach settled conclusions as to what sounds are in question. My friend from Glasgow makes no distinction of sound in pronouncing *not* and *naught*, *sot* and *sought*, *rot* and *wrought*. Ellis says distinctly that there is no fixed standard of English pronunciation, though there are several ways of pronouncing English correctly. Who is to settle the question for us, the Scotchman, the Londoner, the Bostonian, or the "boomer" from Guthrie City?

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD.

BERLIN, May 20, 1889.

TOLSTOI AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read in your issue of May 16 a letter from Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, in which he takes the French translators of Russian novels to task for changing certain phrases and altering somewhat the meaning of certain sentences. Mr. Dole is the last one who should make such a charge. His translation of Tolstoi's masterpiece, 'Anna Karénina,' is almost totally spoiled by the omission of the greater portion of chapter xi., book ii. This chapter is the ethical key to the whole work. One gets an entirely different idea of the characters of Vronsky and Anna from that given in Mr. Dole's translation, when one reads in the French this marvellous presentation of the truth that the punishment of sin commences with the very act, and that to noble natures like Anna there is no delicious period of sinning before the inevitable remorse. Mr. Dole has not only cut out this perfect scene, but he has also, by introducing words of his own, endeavored to hide his fault, and make it appear that no omission was made. I suppose that he imagined he had saved his conscience by saying in the preface that he had omitted some scenes "in deference to our Puritan taste." People prefer the French translations because they expect to find there the whole work of the writer, not garbled to suit any "taste" whatever. The omission I have mentioned is not the only one of which Mr. Dole is guilty; they are only too numerous, and render his work valueless to any one who wishes to know the great Russian writer as he really is.—Yours, etc., WM. SCHUYLER.

3411 WALNUT STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO., May 24, 1889.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I make some corrections in the re-

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port of the recent meeting of the American Oriental Society, which is found in the *Nation* of May 30? First, as regards the Manuscript Committee, its work is not so far advanced as would appear from the statement that over four hundred MSS. have already been examined. What the Committee reported was that, on the basis of returns from most of the public libraries, and from some private collections, the number of Oriental MSS. of all sorts in the country was estimated to be not less than four hundred. A rough classification, by languages, of the much smaller number the titles of which are actually in hand, was also presented.

The copy of Shihâb ed-Dîn's philological commentary on the Alfîya which I described is dated A. H. (*not* A. D.) 894, and the subscription fixes the composition of the work in A. H. 840. The copy of the commentary on the Alfîya which goes under the name of Ashmûnî is not dated, nor was any opinion expressed as to its age. So far from proving in my paper "that its authorship must be attributed to Ashmûnî," I held exactly the opposite opinion, viz., that the attestation which the three MSS. we know give to the current attribution, is not of a character to outweigh the explicit statement of Hâgî Khalfa that the author was Esh-Shumunnî. The Hebrew manuscript from the Andover Library was written in Southern Arabia, A. D. 1330, and contains a considerable collection of poetry, both liturgical and non-liturgical, but I should hardly say "chiefly for weddings, etc." Nordheimer is named in this connection by mistake.—Respectfully yours,

GEORGE F. MOORE.

ANDOVER, MASS., June 1, 1889.

Notes.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will publish, in connection with Bickers & Son of London, an *édition de luxe* of Swift's Works in nineteen volumes, octavo. Only 250 copies will be placed on the American market. The reprint is after Sir Walter Scott's second edition. The same firm also announces 'The Beginnings of New England,' hitherto unpublished lectures by John Fiske; and 'Indoor Studies,' by John Burroughs.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue directly the first two volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's historical work, 'The Winning of the West.'

'Follies, Foibles, and Fancies of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl,' a small quarto collection of amusing pictures of animal life, about to be brought out by Frederick Warne & Co., will interest the admirers of Birket Foster as being the production of that artist's son.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, are to be the American publishers of the annual photogravure record of the Paris Salon, whose text will this year be Englished.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish immediately, by arrangement, 'Unknown Switzerland,' by Victor Tissot, translated by Mrs. Wilson; 'Fishin' Jimmy,' by Annie Trumbull Slosson, with illustrations; a new illustrated edition of Mrs. E. Prentiss's 'Stepping Heavenward'; 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas Kempis, set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author; and 'How They Kept the Faith,' a tale of the Huguenots in Languedoc, by Grace Raymond.

A new story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, with the title of 'The Wrong Box,' will be published by the Scribners in a fortnight.

From Macmillan & Co. we have volumes 13 and 14 of the author's edition of Browning's Poetical Works—the former containing "Aristophanes's Apology" and the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus; the latter, "Pacchiarotto," and other minor poems of the fruitful years 1876–1878.

A work of obvious utility makes its first annual issue as 'The Manual of American Water-Works,' compiled from special returns, edited by M. N. Baker, and published from the *Engineering News* office in this city. It appears to be a very excellent performance. Turning to Johnstown, Pa., the scene of Friday's appalling disaster from flood, we find mention of three reservoirs in addition to the lake which burst its bounds, all more than 150 feet above the menaced city, with its estimated 30,000 inhabitants.

Another beginning is the 'Handy Lists of Technical Literature,' a reference catalogue of books printed in English from 1880 to 1888 inclusive, besides a select list of books printed before 1880 and still procurable (Milwaukee, Wis.: National Publishing and Printing Co.; London: B. F. Stevens). Part I. deals with the useful arts in general; products and processes used in manufacture; technology, and trades. It is both an author (or title) and subject catalogue, under one alphabet, with cross references; an accompanying key explains the abbreviations of names of publishers and serves as a directory to their several publications in the catalogue, but is sold only to booksellers and librarians. This laborious work has been compiled with great intelligence, and with all the details needful for the student or the bookseller, by H. E. Haferkorn and Paul Heise. Six more parts are in preparation, and will cover exhaustively the field embraced in the general title.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for May contains articles on recent Danish explorations of Greenland, by H. Rink, on the Flora of Schleswig-Holstein, by Dr. E. Krause, accompanied by a map, and the first part of a description of a journey to the sources of the Tigris, by Prof. J. Wünsch. An account of Stanley's expedition, by H. Wichmann, calls attention to the extraordinary fact that not a letter nor even a message appears to have been sent by Emin Pasha through Stanley to his friends in Europe. There is an admirable map of the route taken by the expedition. The undiminished interest in Africa is shown by the fact that in the review of recent geographical literature there are noted 202 books and papers in scientific periodicals relating to this continent.

A school wall-map of the Persian and Macedonian Empires, compiled by Dr. Henry Kiepert, has just been issued by Dietrich Reimer, Berlin, in six sheets. It includes a side map of the kingdoms of Alexander's successors, and shows the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander. The territory portrayed—or at least the Asiatic part of it—seems at some future date more likely to be labelled Russia than by any other name of modern political geography.

The Council-General of the Faculties of Paris has just made its annual report to the Minister of Public Instruction. During the academical year 1887–'88, the number of regular students at the University of Paris has risen to 10,320, a gain of 91 over the year before. Of these 886 were foreigners. The number of women students was 271, viz.: 2 in law, 117 in medicine, 16 in sciences, and 142 in letters.

In the last number of the quarterly publication of the Société des Amis des Monuments there is a note from an architect, M. Charles Durard, which conveys some curious information about the tomb of Montaigne. He says that the late M. de Tauzia of the Louvre bought some years ago of an old-iron man an ancient grille, which had evidently been part of a tomb, and bore upon it hatchments of sheet iron, repoussé, showing the arms of Montaigne. M. de Tauzia admired this greatly as one of the very finest works of the end of the sixteenth century, and was full of scorn for the municipality and the architect who had thrown away such a treasure. "But," goes on M. Durard, "this ancient masterpiece was made in 1846, after a design by your humble servant, at the time of the restoration carried on by my father. The name of the man who forged it was Chavanton, and one Cognard set it up."

The new Superintendent of the Census announces that Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census. In default of any national system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other countries for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, the Census Office is issuing to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office in 1880, and nearly all of them were used for statistical purposes. Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope (which requires no stamp) will be provided for their return to Washington. All information obtained through this source will be held strictly confidential.

—Mr. Grant Allen, who has recently written a book to show that he is not capable of comprehending the meaning which scientific men attach to such terms as energy and force, has settled the woman question in six pages, in a late number of the *Forum*. Women, he has discovered, have been "told off" from the race for the purpose of reproduction, and it is a subversion of the laws of nature for them to look forward to performing a more varied part in the human economy. As a reply to Prof. Lester F. Ward's paper on "Our Better Halves," this article is conspicuously inadequate. Prof. Ward wrote in support of two leading propositions—first, that there is no analogy between the subjection of women in modern society and the decorative superiority of males among birds and mammals; and, second, that, if the whole of organic nature be taken into account, the female sex is the main trunk and type of life, the male sex being, as it were, an *arrière pensée* of nature. Neither of these positions is affected by Mr. Grant Allen's reply. To deny the first it would be necessary to show that female birds and mammals are so exhausted by the reproductive function as to be obliged to depend upon the males for food, shelter, and protection from enemies, both for themselves and their young. Not a single fact is given to show that this is the case, and we can only conclude that none worth adducing are to be had. To deny the second, Grant Allen shows that various influences have tended to cause certain forms to be set apart for certain purposes, but the cases he cites are among the best that could be chosen in support of the view that the female is the important half of most species of animals. By a transparent *suppressio veri*, he fails to tell his readers that the working bee and the honey-ant are structu-

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rally females, and he does not give a single case where the whole female sex is exclusively occupied with reproduction.

—If we assume, as we fairly may for animals, that there are only two functions, reproduction and nutrition, and that superiority is measured by the degree to which a being exercises both of them, and especially the latter, then there are any number of cases in which the females are superior, and not one in which the males are superior. For even in mammals and birds that exhibit the greatest inequality in the sexes, all females perform both these functions, and are not only self-sustaining and self-protecting, but, in addition to this, are able to feed, shelter, and defend their young whenever they require it, for the most part unaided by the males. On the other hand, the differences which characterize the males have nothing to do with the nutritive function, are often a hindrance to it, are chiefly ornamental, often an obstruction to activity, and, when calculated to add strength, do so in a manner that is never applied, and cannot be applied, to supplying the body with nourishment, much less to furnishing it to dependents. From this point of view, the stag, with his cumbersome antlers to be grown and shed every year; the peacock, with his gaudy tail-feathers of no use in flight; and all the other male creatures having purely ornamental characters due to sexual selection, may be considered to be, to a certain extent, "told off" for reproductive purposes, while the females enjoy the normal exercise of both the reproductive and the nutritive functions. Both Prof. Ward and Grant Allen seem not to have given sufficient weight to the fact, amply made out by Galton, that father and mother are exactly equally concerned in giving children their qualities, the practical conclusion to be drawn from which is that not to give mothers the best attainable development, both from study and from the active exercise of such faculties as they may have, is to dwarf the human race of one-half the progress which each generation ought to insure it.

—*Artistic Japan*, a monthly journal of which the first year is nearly completed, is a publication in small folio, of Parisian origin, but with a good deal of English as well as French editing. It is announced as the publication of Mr. S. Bing, one of the most extensive dealers of Paris in Oriental art treasures, who has, or had a few years ago, a large establishment in the Rue La Fayette and another on the ground floor in the Rue de la Paix, and was a liberal contributor to loan exhibitions (New York, 220 Fifth Avenue). On the title-page a score of co-editors are named, and it is stated that the English edition is under the special control of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, President of the London Fine Art Society, and author of a little book recently reviewed in these columns, 'Japan and Its Art.' This publication, therefore, may be taken as a quite complete declaration of the European students of Japanese art as to their ideas of it. It is hardly necessary to insist on the difference that exists of interest between the European view of Japanese art and the Japanese view of it, nor upon the superiority of the latter. If it were possible for us to have and to understand a Japanese book or periodical by a competent author or editor upon this topic, it would be more difficult indeed to master, and the European reader would have to make some perceptible intellectual effort to put himself at the point of view taken by the Oriental; but the result would be immeasurably more instructive. On the other hand, the present work appeals to a much wider circle of readers and amateurs, and it will undoubtedly carry a feeling for the higher qualities of Japanese decoration to quarters where otherwise but little would be known of them. Each number appears to have one solid leading article. In No. 2, Mr. Gonse, the well-known author of the large and costly book, 'L'Art Japonais,' writes on "The Japanese as Decorators," an obvious subject for a "leader"; and in Nos. 2 and 3, Mr. Victor Champier gives an article on "Japanese Architecture," which is rather a misnomer, as there is very little attempt in it to analyze the building art of the Japanese, and the author contents himself with a few words about the peculiar heavy framing in wood which is a device to diminish the harm done by earthquakes, and goes on to interior decoration, and small details (such as the sculpture and ornamental piercings and accessories), which may be as well studied in Europe as in Japan. Apart from these articles, which are certainly cursory and hasty enough, the text seems to limit itself to the explanations of the plates, and leaves unexplained all that most needs explanation. The plates are of varied merit. The uncolored photographic reproductions are without sufficient sharpness and accuracy of outline and detail, and give no information to the would-be student. On the other hand, the reproductions of color decoration are very clever, the character of the soft half-tints affected by the Japanese being well rendered, and one or two plates of brocaded stuffs that we have examined furnishing what must be quite admirable facsimiles of the beautiful originals. There are a multitude of black-and-white illustrations in the text, all, or nearly all, facsimiled from Japanese originals. In short, the value of the publication is in its illustrations, and these may be very instructive to every person who is not the happy possessor of a large collection of treasures of Japanese art.

—The Halliwell-Phillipps Library is advertised to be sold by auction in the present month of June. Several of its curios were only discovered after long search by Mr. Phillipps late in 1888. Concerning one, "Wellobie, his Avisa," he says in the margin, "I bought this volume of Quaritch in November, 1888, for fifteen pounds." Regarding another, "Vince's Tour," No. 42 in the catalogue, he spoke in his very last letter to us as among his most recent acquisitions. Two others, at least, of the forty-seven gems chronicled in the catalogue were acquired by Mr. Phillipps in 1888. Noting that the Hollingbury Copse preciosities were no sooner gathered than scattered, we say "the wedding baked meats do coldly furnish forth the funeral tables." In the list of Shaksperiana now about to be sold, the *editio princeps* of Shakspere himself stands first. It deserves that proud eminence. That edition, published in 1623 and sold for one pound a copy, was sold in 1885 for a thousand guineas to N. Q. Pope of Chicago. The highest price before paid was £716 2s., in 1864, by Miss Burdett-Coutts. The book is so rare, and so large a proportion of its specimens are entombed in monumental libraries, that it seldom comes into market. Quaritch, offering one for sale this season, claimed that nothing like it had been purchasable for twenty-four years. In 1879 no more than thirty-seven sales of it, made since 1787, were known to Allibone. The copies in America may be counted on one's fingers. There are two in the Lenox Library and one in the Astor. We know of none in Philadelphia but that of Mr. Furness. In our catalogues of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania libraries, as well as that of Congress and of the New Dominion at Toronto, the city libraries of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco, it is wanting. The Phillipps copy was bought in 1867 for £410. That offered by Quaritch is priceless in his catalogue among thousands of priced books. In one point at least the Phillipps is a greater rarity than the Quaritch, and was no doubt an earlier impression. On p. 172 *and* is misprinted *add*, and *tis* for *kiss*. All other copies known, save that of the Earl of Ellesmere, were struck off after these blunders had been discovered and corrected. It is to be hoped that Mr. Poole, who is seeking for the Newberry Library in Chicago volumes that will be "prized above a dukedom," has secured for it one of those Kohinoors which, like the Sibylline books, are constantly becoming fewer, and, what is worse, are held at a fast-growing price.

—Buffalo Bill, with the Greatest Show on Earth ("l'attraction la plus grande du monde"), has arrived in Paris, and receives from the *Figaro* a welcome, two columns long, in which the French reporter fairly turns himself loose, and paints a picture which, in the breadth and freedom of its handling and its frank gayety of color, recalls the earlier, or the earliest, manner of our own Mr. George Alfred Townsend. When the brilliant newspaper-man goes out to meet the incoming ship, he says:

"Le *Persian-Monarch* ralentit son allure pour nous donner le temps de virer et de nous remettre en marche de conserve avec lui. Pendant ce temps, la musique de Buffalo-Bill, qui s'est rassemblée à la hâte, exécute le *Yankee Doddle*, l'air national américain.

"—Vive la France! s'écrient les passagers du *Monarch* aussitôt l'air fini.

"—Vive l'Amérique! répondons-nous.

"Nouvelle musique—la *Marseillaise* cette fois."

Then he describes, always brilliantly, *le colonel* Cody, and Red Shirt, and Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant in Manitoba, who very singularly has a French name, and the Sioux "des tribus des Cutoïs, Arapahoe, Brulay," and afterwards he is presented to "Miss Annie Oakley, la fameuse 'reine du Riffle' américaine, qui tire la carabine et le pistolet comme Ira Paine." But, after all, it is the noble savage that impresses him most deeply:

"Quant aux Peaux-Rouges, ils se promènent majestueux et fiers. . . . Seulement, comme j'ouvre mon porte-cigarettes, vingt mains couvertes de tatouages se tendent vers l'étui. Je fais un signe affirmatif. En un clin d'œil, le porte-cigarettes est vide.

"Il est vrai que je suis récompensé par des *owah! owah!* de satisfaction.

"Et maintenant," he says in ending, "souhaitons à tous la bienvenue, aux Canadiens si français par le cœur, aux Peaux-Rouges, aux Américains et, comme on dit dans leur pays: *Let her go Galeghear!*"

—On May 12 there passed away another of the great generation of Russian writers, Mikháil Yevgráfovitch Saltykóff, who wrote under the name of Stchedrin. The son of a well-to-do noble in the province of Tver, he was born in 1826, and, after finishing his education in the Lyceum of Tsarskoe-Selo, "that nursery of statesmen," entered the chancery of the Minister of War. The two first stories which he wrote, innocent as they were, excited displeasure, and he was transferred to Viatka on the edge of Siberia, where he was attached to the Governor. It was not till 1855 that he obtained permission to return to St. Petersburg, but he continued in the Government service till 1863, reaching the rank of actual State Counsellor, equal to that of major-general. He was thus able to acquire a wide knowledge of Russian administration and Russian administrators. In 1856 he published his 'Provincial Sketches,' satirical, humorous, pathetic, a book which created a great sensation and settled his

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literary reputation. With the poet Nekrásoff, he edited the *Annals of the Fatherland* from 1868 until it was suppressed in 1884, and gave himself entirely to satirical writing. His books, whether mere sketches or in the form of novels, were devoted to the exposure of venality, corruption, and wrong-doing in every class of life; the denunciation of reactionaries and theorists, and of the abuses which even reform made possible. In order to write freely, he was obliged to develop a terminology of his own, and even then many of his best things have probably never seen the light. It is told of him that on one occasion he printed a piece of arrant nonsense, subsequently explaining that this was a specimen of the only kind of stuff that the censors would permit him to publish. The books by which he is best known are 'Tashkentians' and 'Male and Female Pompadours.' His Tashkent has nothing to do with Central Asia, but lies everywhere, and his Tashkentian is a synonym for a diffuser of enlightenment who has no education or basis of his own, a civilizer for the personal and practical advantages to be obtained by the work. Curiously enough, Tashkentians in this sense are as numerous in America as in Russia, though here they are called "men sound on the main question." "Pompadours" are, however, rarely to be found out of Russia. This term immediately hit the popular sense. It is impossible to translate it, but a short journey in the interior of Russia, with proper introductions to the authorities, would soon enable one to comprehend its meaning. As a satirist, Saltykóff will stand in the first rank of the world's literature, and his death is to be deplored, although for some time past he had written little or nothing.

THE WAR HOSPITAL.

My Story of the Civil War. Narrative of Four Years' Personal Experience with the Sanitary Service of the Rebellion. By Mary A. Livermore. Hartford: Worthington & Co.

The Other Side of the War: With the Army of the Potomac. Letters from the Headquarters U. S. Sanitary Commission in 1862. By Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1889.

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it to me." Eloquent sermons have been preached from this text, but we question if any have made a deeper impression than will the perusal of the books whose titles are given above. They contain an account of the work of some noble women who, by precept and example, did much to tinge with silver the dark clouds of the war. Mrs. Livermore's story is a sharp photograph of a phase of war in which the virtues of patience, faith, hope, charity, and mercy were practically applied. Commencing with the first gun at Sumter, she outlines the progress of events to the assassination of Lincoln, dwelling upon the work of the Sanitary Commission as it came under her notice during a close acquaintanceship with the horrors of war. Seldom does one meet with so rich an experience of human nature. The reader must be made of stern or indifferent stuff who can peruse this book without having his heart deeply stirred. If an American heart, it must throb with pride at this fresh revelation of heroism—the heroism of the forlorn hope in the face of lingering disease and horrible mutilation.

A marked feature of the work of the Sanitary Commission, in the light of Mrs. Livermore's story, was the wonderful executive ability of many of its gentle representatives in the field. Duties pertaining to half-a-dozen of the great administrative departments of the army were performed with a mingled intelligence, tact, and force that was simply irresistible. Before this new power, red-tape, custom of service, bad roads, want of transportation, as obstacles to prompt succor of the sick and wounded, were promptly brushed aside. The official preference expressed for the Catholic sisters as nurses in hospitals, which is alleged to have existed at an early period of the war, and the reasons assigned for it, are interesting:

"'Your Protestant nurses are always finding some mare's-nest or other,' said one of the surgeons, 'that they can't let alone. They all write for the papers, and the story finds its way into print, and directly we are in hot water. Now the "sisters" never see anything they ought not to see, nor hear anything they ought not to hear, and they never write for the papers; and the result is, we get along very comfortably with them.'"

The gentle and untiring ministrations of the sisters of the Catholic Church are gratefully remembered by thousands of veterans. Their traditions restricted them in the performance of duty to narrower limits than their Protestant colleagues observed; but, as Mrs. Livermore shows, there were cases of incompetency or inefficiency in the medical administration of the vast Union army not to be reached by ordinary operation of the law or orders, and the resources of the North would often have failed to save life had there been none but the regular channels. Hence, as we are told, "the Protestant sisters carried the day, chiefly because of their good sense and worth, and hundreds went to the front before the end of the war, welcomed by both surgeons and patients, and rendering valuable service."

Of such was Mother Bickerdyke, who came of Revolutionary stock, and whose grandfather crossed the Delaware with Washington; but the record of her gallant ancestor pales before the remarkable achievements of this woman, who was a terror to incompetent or dishonest hospital officers, an organizer of relief for sick and wounded, a tender and untiring nurse even upon the battle-field. There is a suggestion of Ethan Allen in her reply to the Medical Director who found her at the rear of a corps after a day of fighting, wearing a Confederate overcoat, and a soft felt hat, and surrounded by camp kettles of soup. Said he: "Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff. May I inquire under whose authority you are working?" Without pausing in her work, she answered: "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty: have you anything that ranks higher than that?" Want of space forbids further reference here to the good woman who was trusted by Grant and Sherman, and loved as a mother by hundreds of soldiers, to whom she had given in their hour of need more than a cup of cold water.

The practical workings of the system of voluntary aid in war-time are thoroughly illustrated by a series of anecdotes, from which we make one or two extracts. In the course of her labors with the army before Vicksburg, Mrs. Livermore found in hospital twenty-one soldiers whose cases were pronounced incurable. Owing to the loss of their descriptive lists, stringent orders regarding furloughs, etc., there was no prospect of relief through the regular channels. The surgeons sympathized, but had exhausted official means. Armed with certificates, the gentle missionary boarded Gen. Grant's headquarters boat, and, reaching the main saloon, was told to pass behind a certain curtain-screen at one end. She says:

"I obeyed, and through the blue haze of a cigar-smoke curling through the apartment, I saw Grant sitting at the table, wearing his hat, a cigar in his mouth, one foot on a chair, and buried to his chin in maps, letters, reports, and orders. Whatever *mauvaise honte* I may have felt in thus obtruding myself upon the modest General was speedily banished by his discomposure. For the moment he seemed the most bashful man I had ever encountered. Rising and placing a half-dozen chairs at my service, he begged me to be seated, removing his hat and taking his cigar from his mouth, and then quickly and unconsciously replacing both. I remained standing, and, without any circumlocution whatever, announced my errand and implored his aid. He heard me without interruption. 'But these are matters which should be laid before my Medical Director. I have put all these things out of my hands,' were his first words. Yes, I knew that, and told him so, and I also told him that it was necessary for some one to cut red tape boldly and promptly in behalf of these men; that no subordinate dared do it, but all said he could, and encouraged me to believe that he would; and I besought him, with the earnestness that women felt in these sad cases during the war, to give me the pleasure of restoring these boys to the mothers and sisters and wives, who would lighten with love the dark valley of death into which they were fast descending. I promised, if he gave them discharge and transportation, to take every man to his friends, leaving no one of them until I saw him well cared for. The General briefly examined the documents I gave him, and then said he would let me know to-morrow what could be done.

"The next evening an officer of his staff came to our boat and . . . made me supremely happy with the discharge of these twenty-one soldiers. But if I was happy, what shall I say of the poor emaciated fellows who looked for my return to them as one looks for a reprieve from sentence of death? Most of these men were brought North on our sanitary boat. One of them died on the way, and was buried at Memphis, and another died in Chicago; his home was in Wisconsin, and a ride of four hours more would have taken him to the arms of his mother, who was expecting him. But when we reached Chicago, Saturday evening, the train for his town had left, and he was compelled to remain in the city over Sunday. I took him to the hotel near the station from which he was to start on Monday, and when I had seen him comfortable in bed, wished to leave him to telegraph his mother of his nearness to her, and then go to my own family. I promised to send him a nurse in less than an hour and to accompany him home to Wisconsin myself on Monday; but he begged so mildly that I would return myself and stay with him that I consented. . . . He followed me to the door with his beseeching eyes, saying, 'I hate to have you go, for it seems as if I should not see you again.' . . . In less than two hours I was back at his bedside. 'He has been sleeping quietly ever since you left,' said the servant. There he lay as I had left him, with one hand under his head, his face towards the door, that he might see any one who entered the room, sleeping—yes, the sleep of death."

On another occasion she visited a large field hospital containing nearly two hundred men in various stages of chronic disease. They were soon to be sent to St. Louis, but as their only diet had been army rations, it was doubtful if many could stand the journey. Mrs. Livermore says:

"It was a miserable place, although, at that time, and in that locality, the best probably that could be done. The cots were placed inside the tents, on the unplanked ground. The soil was so dropsical that wherever one trod it sank under one's weight, and one immediately stood in a little pool of water. The legs of the cots stood on small square pieces of board, which alone kept them from sinking into the moist earth. The weather was as warm as July in our climate, although it was April, and the atmosphere was dense with gnats, small flies, and every other variety of winged insects. The hospital swarmed with large green flies, and their buzzing was like that of a beehive. The men were hushed to the stillness of death. They had been sick a long while, and had utterly lost heart and hope. Many of them did not even lift their hands to brush away the flies that swarmed into eyes, ears, nose, and mouths."

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Into this veritable hotbed of disease and despair entered Mrs. Livermore with good cheer in word and deed. She first aroused the poor fellows with promise of immediate removal North, and then tried to stimulate their appetites with delicacies of which she had an abundance. She commenced with one patient by making tea, out of a small tea-pot, with the following result:

"A hundred pair of eyes had been watching these preparations, and as I set the tin cup of tea and tin plate of toast on the camp stool, I received a score of orders from neighboring beds for some tea and toast 'just like that 'ere.' Crowding his knapsack and pillow behind him, I propped up the forty-five-year-old 'boy' to whose uncertain appetite I was catering, and invited him to taste his 'special diet.' As he tasted, a sickly smile distorted his then ghastly face, which was succeeded by a fit of weeping, his tears literally mingling with his drink. 'Is it good?' I asked. 'It's—proper—good—just—like—what my wife makes'—with the drawl of long sickness and great weakness. I had got into business. 'Tea, tea, tea, with white sugar and milk in it'—was the cry that came up from every bed. I undertook to make tea by the wholesale in the inevitable camp kettle, in which soldiers make tea, coffee, soup, and cook everything. But no, they would have it from my home-spun tea-pot, as one of them called it. 'Don't—let—that—'ere—old—tea-pot o' yourn git played-out—before—you—git to—me,' entreated a Missourian at the further end of the hospital. I explained to him that there was no play-out to the tea-pot; that I had alcohol and tea enough to keep it in active operation for weeks, and he then waited patiently for his turn."

'The Other Side of the War' differs materially in treatment from the book just described. It is a bright sketch of a sad subject, comprising a brief but clear account of the origin and development of the great auxiliary to the Medical Department of the Army, followed by a bundle of letters full of the spirit of the time when McClellan was the idol, and the Army of the Potomac the most completely appointed of the land forces. Miss Wormeley's letters are cheerful in tone, sparkling with clever descriptions of persons and places, and showing an appreciation of the romantic as well as the prosaic side of war. Between the lines, however, it is not difficult to catch glimpses of the mountain of misery which the Sanitary Commission did so much to alleviate and reduce. Miss Wormeley seems to have combined with a heart alive to the sufferings of others a rare philosophy, which strengthened her hands and increased her efficiency under exceptionally trying circumstances. The tonic effect of a cheerful face at the side of a sick-bed is beyond description, and it was the nursing rather than the surgery that pulled so many of the soldiers through the valley. And this is the key to the situation. The Government supplied the surgeons, the Sanitary Commission the nurses.

Both of these publications are typographically excellent, with large type and good illustrations. Miss Wormeley's book has three fine portraits on steel. Mrs. Livermore's story is accompanied by full-page war scenes and seven portraits. The colored pictures of battle-flags have a suggestion of "padding" uncalled for in such an important work; they should form the basis of a history of American battle-flags.

RECENT NOVELS.

Steadfast: The Story of a Saint and a Sinner. By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Sam Lovel's Camps: Uncle Lisha's Friends under Bark and Canvas. A Sequel to 'Uncle Lisha's Shop.' By Rowland E. Robinson. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company.

Red Carl. Translated from the German of J. J. Messmer by Mary E. Ireland. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A Stiff-Necked Generation. By L. B. Walford. Henry Holt & Co.

My Cousin Miss Cinderella. Translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by E. W. Naylor. D. Appleton & Co.

Reuben Sachs: A Sketch. By Amy Levy. Macmillan & Co.

Sought and Found. Translated from the German of Golo Raimund, by Adelaide I. Buckley. Funk & Wagnalls.

A Happy Find. Translated from the French of Mme. Gagnerin by Miss E. V. Lee. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Gertrude's Marriage. By W. Heimburg. Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Worthington Co.

It is evident that Mrs. Cooke has not yet exhausted her resources. In 'Steadfast' she takes us back into the early days of New England; and the historical facts of the time—especially an action of the Consociation of churches—form the foundation for an effective story. A Congregational clergyman is summarily assailed for having dared to preach in a Baptist meeting-house. The bigotry and tyranny of the Consociation are briefly but thoroughly exhibited in the resolution which it passed and sent to the Rev. Philemon Hall, after receiving his reply to its first admonition: "Resolved that the Rev'd Mr. Hall soe preachynge was Disorderlie. That Mr. Hall should not Sett as a member of this Counsil for his disorderlie Preachynge." It might occur to the modern mind that there was only one worse thing than being dismissed from such a body, and that was a continuation of membership in it. But such peremptory action in those days brought sorrow and pain and disgrace in its train, as well as years of hopeless struggle to maintain an independent position. The saintly Mr. Hall became increasingly impressed with the right and justice of his attitude, but it was a slow martyrdom for all that. This portion of the book is treated with unusual force, and the lighter elements of the story work harmoniously together. Esther is particularly well drawn—and altogether 'Steadfast' is much above the average novel.

Life is not long enough to read many dialect stories, and 'Sam Lovel's Camps' hardly makes up in narrative interest for the hours necessary to translate its pages into intelligible English. The book will be enjoyed by those who think the trapping of muskrats and other small game one of the concerns of life, and who regard episodes wherein green hands at hunting and fishing are tipped over backward into the water as exciting and funny. The author observes carefully—even poetically at times—and the dialects and provincialisms are well rendered. But when the laborious reading of the first few chapters is accomplished, the rest may be safely and cheerfully skipped with a clear conscience.

There is always a certain dreariness about translations of German stories. 'Red Carl' is a trifle less heavy in that the scene is laid in America; but it will have little interest for any but German working-people, to whom it will probably appeal. The story is a sort of Sunday-school novel, written by the pastor of a German church in Baltimore. Much very moral and undeniably proper teaching upon the hackneyed subjects of the labor question, socialism, and temperance is spiced with trades-unions, strikes, dynamite, and a cyclone.

Every one has heard of the clergyman who was always happy at funerals. Similarly it may be said that Mrs. Walford is always entertaining with her bores. Her bright people are all very well, but her dull ones, like Miss Austen's, are delightful. She has now given us a book full of tiresome characters which show her pen at its cleverest. As a story, it is not one of her most attractive, and a growing habit of comment and explanation is making havoc with her charm of style; but rarely has she done more ingenious writing than on some pages of this latest novel. Here, as heretofore, she is somewhat over-free with Death, ringing in his services with as little concern as one would summon a messenger boy withal. The hatchment in excess ill becomes the society novel. Moreover, it is disappointing to be early called, as in this case, to part with one of the most diverting personages of the book, a lady of the Campaigner family. An engagement between an aristocratic beauty and a plebeian army officer, its origin, rise, and fall, give Mrs. Walford her opportunity for her specialty—social contrast. Inimitable are the self-plumings of the officer's relations, the complacency of the bridegroom elect, the match-making and fussing among the old dames. When the stage is cleared of all the disagreeables, the plot grows thin and the book is willingly closed. The discrimination between man and man is singular in the Walford novels. A boor may not carry his hands in his pockets (very properly), but why may a peer dine in his shooting clothes (when not in America)?

No pen but a French one can make such a sketch as 'My Cousin Miss Cinderella.' Its mingled lightness and pathos, wit and simplicity, cynicism and tenderness, are wholly Gallic—also, may it be said, its fustian later pages? The story is of the slightest fabric, beginning with the account of the life of a little French boy brought up in an old château, in a fossilized group of relatives, whom the child vaguely thinks of as "ancestors." The mouldy life of the household viewed by his childish eyes is full of half-comic, half-sad contrasts between crabbed age and youth. His relations with his "enemy the gardener" form one of the amusing touches in the sketch. A little girl cousin comes to live at the château. The boy grows up, enters college, goes to Paris to see the world, and meets his fate through a mysterious correspondence. This is all the story, which is more in manner than in matter, and which loses its charm after the hero reaches manhood. One wishes that he might have remained always a little boy at Vandelnay.

The Jews are said to be deeply grateful to George Eliot for 'Daniel Deronda.' It would be interesting to know whether they are also thankful to the rising school of fiction-writers who, in hitching their wagons to George Eliot's star, draw them, not through the golden streets of Jerusalem, or even the picturesque Jews' quarter, but through the plush-furnished drawing-rooms of the modern rich, vulgar Israelite. We should suppose that the more sensitive portion of the Hebrew people might feel that mediæval persecutions had begun again, and be ready to cry out, with 'Daniel Deronda's' author, that observation without sympathy is torture. Amy Levy's book, 'Reuben Sachs,' is a clever sketch of life among the Jews in London. There is too much crowding of figures for so small a canvas, and too much description of each figure; but every one stands out with garish distinctness. Whether Miss Levy designed to arouse interest in Hebraism, or to set the faults of the Hebrew race in a strong light before themselves in warning, or whether she simply intended to make a realistic picture out of a latter-day phase of a world-old

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type, she has made a readable book, and of a certain technical ability, whose interest is not to be found in a race question, or in any profound problem, but in speaking scenes of vulgarity, where the only virtues (devoutness and family affection) lean to failings' side—the failings of narrowness, inquisitiveness, and greed.

'Sought and Found' "was translated because of its rare simplicity and beauty," says the brief preface. Its simplicity is not a "sancta simplicitas," but consists rather in an absence of all but the most elementary representations of human life and feeling. Half the characters are marked by a frank depravity, the other half by that type of virtue which struts and says, "I'm a man, every inch of me." The writer has thus been spared all the trouble of making mezzo tones in his symphony. A cumbrous style and some thoughts on politics give the book an illusive air of importance which will not deceive after the third page. The translation is not throughout bad, but one comes upon phrases like this: "It is the story of the hidden treasure. He who too early or the wrong word speaks, cannot find it." "Oh! it was a bitter but salutatory draught which I forced upon him." Cakes and ale are distributed in the proper places, and the curtain goes down on discomfited spleen, and injured innocence, with tears upon its lashes, smiling in rectitude's clasp.

Companion in insipidity is 'A Happy Find,' from the French, which is, however, more readable by reason of its clear and simple style, and of an excellent rendering into English. A footnote, as follows, "*Char*, a conveyance, somewhat like a wagon, used in France and Switzerland," carries an idea of the naïveté of the translation. Equally primitive are the incidents of the story. No one but an inhabitant of another planet will have any difficulty in scenting out each mystery as it appears, shrouded in threadbare veiling. In a library devoted to the initiation of such an alien being into the art of reading earth's modern fiction, a book like this would find a place among the elementary volumes.

Following these with 'Gertrude's Marriage' is much like passing from pap to pap. The minimum of flavor is reached in them all, and one wonders when the public will have had its fill of these stereotyped feeblenesses. That they continue to be written proves the capacity of the reading world for the "illimitable inane." That they get themselves translated, and well translated, proves it even more fully, while the addition of poor photogravure illustrations, it is to be feared, is a life-preserver instead of a "crowning," which by rights should "curse and kill."

David Livingstone. By Thomas Hughes. [English Men of Action.] Macmillan & Co. 1889. Map. Pp. vii, 208. 8vo.

THE author of 'Tom Brown' has a congenial subject in Dr. Livingstone, and he has written an admirable account of his life. It would be hard, indeed, to find a better popular biography. The story is simply and naturally told, in large part in Livingstone's own words, and it cannot fail to interest deeply even those who are already familiar with it. There are no attempts at portrayal of character, nor discussions of moral or scientific questions, but Mr. Hughes confines himself strictly to his task of telling what the great missionary-explorer did in the thirty years of his active life.

He shows very clearly that Livingstone's roving life was not, as has generally been supposed, the following out of a natural bent, but was mainly the result of circumstances. On reaching Africa in 1841, instead of being allotted to a station, he was obliged to find his own field of labor; and, seeing that Cape Colony was overstocked with missionaries, he pushed almost immediately into the unexplored territory to the north to make for himself a home. Three times in the next eleven years, at three different places, he founded a station and built the necessary mission buildings, only to be obliged to abandon them—in one instance on account of prolonged drought and the removal of the natives, in another because of the destruction of the station by the Boers. Once more, in 1861, he attempted to establish himself permanently on the Shiré, near Lake Nyassa, but the death of his wife in the fever-haunted swamps of the lower Zambesi frustrated this design. From that time his chief energies were directed to the opening of Central Africa to Christianity and commerce, to the healing "the open sore of the world," the slave-trade, and to the discovery of the sources of the Nile. This last motive, it can hardly be questioned, was, however, the ruling one at the end.

Mr. Hughes gives many instances of Livingstone's extraordinary power of attaching men to him and inspiring them with his own enthusiasm for the end he had in view. The African negro was not the only one who felt this, as is shown by what Livingstone accomplished during his eighteen months' stay in Great Britain after his first great journey. "He found Africa the dark continent," said one at the time, "and left it the most interesting part of the globe to Englishmen." Nor was it the natives alone whom he befriended and took into his service that showed this attachment for him, but the Arab slave-traders equally felt his influence, calling him "the Good One." His power was largely due to the absolute trust which he inspired. His followers knew that what he said he would do would be done unless death prevented. This was once strikingly shown in an act the heroism and self-sacrifice of which have rarely been equalled. When he reached the west coast of Africa, after a terrible journey of many months, through a forest similar to that which Stanley had to penetrate in order to reach Emin Pasha, although exhausted with privations and repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, he refused to go to England, where his wife and children were, because he had promised to take the natives who had accompanied him back to their home on the Zambesi. It was a year's journey distant, but, after a few months' rest, he did not hesitate to undertake it. In noble emulation of this, Stanley, a few years later, instead of returning directly to Europe from the mouth of the Congo, first took the Zanzibaris who had followed him across the continent back to their home, in fulfilment of a like promise.

It is not difficult to discover from this account of his latest biographer the cause of the affection with which Livingstone was regarded by his countrymen. It was not simply his adventurous career which touched the popular fancy, but it was rather the character of the man, who to a perfect courage and fortitude joined a singular tenderness for the suffering; whose work, carried on with a thoughtlessness of self and with an energy which neither pain nor weakness could conquer, was marked by a wonderful thoroughness in its smallest details. A remarkable instance of this is the careful noting of the number and course of the streams which he passed in those last days of his life when he could "hardly hold a pencil" and his sight had nearly failed. Above all, he was a man who added to the qualities which the Anglo-Saxon race most admire, a deep piety. His religious belief was singularly liberal and tolerant, for a Scotchman, but perfectly simple and childlike, and so unlike that of the other popular hero whom he in so many respects resembles, Gen. Gordon. Possibly the most striking fact in Dr. Livingstone's history was the steadfastness of his faith. No man in this century was probably ever witness to so much cruelty and misery as he. No man could say with greater truth than he did after the massacre of the women at Nyangwe, "It gave me the impression of being in hell." More bitter still, even, was the fact, which at last forced itself upon him, that he had, with infinite toil and sacrifice, opened Africa, not to the Christian missionary, as he had hoped, but to the slave-trader, who followed close upon his footsteps. Yet, with all this, his faith never faltered, one of the last entries in his journal being: "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

Mr. Hughes's closing chapter sums up the results, as regards the establishment of missions, of Dr. Livingstone's labors, with a sketch of recent events in East Africa. The map contained in this volume shows very fairly his route in his various journeys, but it does not give, as it ought, the results of the more recent explorations.

Picturesque Alaska; A Journal of a Tour among the Mountains, Seas, and Islands of the Northwest, from San Francisco to Sitka. By Abby Johnson Woodman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. 8vo, 212 pp., cuts.

THIS is an amiable little book which should have been privately printed and distributed to friends. It consists of a brief preface by John G. Whittier, three chapters of rhapsody about the route from San Francisco to Puget Sound, overland, and four, ditto, on the remainder of the route to Alaska and return, by the inland passage. Having entirely exhausted the resources of the English language in commendatory adjectives while engaged on the first part of the journey, the author disproves Max Müller's theory of language, as follows (p. 104): "Happily, our powers of appreciation are capable of infinite expansion, and we have been able to meet the demands of every new occasion with increased enjoyment; but words have their limitations in my vocabulary. Only this can I say, multiply and add three-fold to all I have said of the former, and you may have some idea of the latter."

There is nothing new in the text or illustrations. The latter are familiar from the railway circulars, and the map is not as good as the railway maps. However, a person who has never read any of the other books on the Alaskan tourists' route will get a very fair idea of it from these letters. The most interesting thing in the book, to any one conversant with the subject, is the unconscious evidence it affords of how myths grow. The famous Baranoff died at Batavia in 1819 at the age of eighty, leaving no widow or children. He was originally a provincial shopkeeper in Siberia. About 1868, a Russian sailor named Baronovitch, who remained in the country when the Russian authorities departed, set up a salmon-salting establishment and smuggler's resort at Kasa-an Bay. His wife was of Indian origin, and, after the death of Baronovitch, took an Indian husband, with whom she carried on business at the old stand. Now, as we learn from Miss Woodman, she is called "the Baroness of Baronoff," and, "during the

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Russian rule in this northwest she was the wife of Baron Baronoff."

As dates and statistics are little appreciated in this primitive society, and the people living in Alaska, for the most part, know little of its history under the Russian rule, we may expect, in time, quite a crop of myths and legends of modern origin. The last item which has come to hand, and which should certainly attract the attention of the Society for Psychical Research, is, that the well-known and long-established ghost of the "castle," or Governor's house at Sitka, has submitted to be photographed by an artist who has a studio in the ancient pile.

The Play-time Naturalist. By Dr. J. E. Taylor, F.L.S. Appletons. 1889. 8vo, xii, 287 pp., 366 ills.

THIS is a book out of place. We find in it a very large number of illustrations of common British birds, insects, shells, etc., of which very few are found in America, and those only among the lowest and most minute forms illustrated. The pictures are coarse and rude; some of them are very old acquaintances, and few of them are sufficiently explained in the text to be of use to American boys and girls. The anatomical figures are particularly poor and confused, the details indicated by the lettering frequently not being even mentioned in the text. British children might find it useful in aiding them to identify creatures which they collect in hedges and ditches. In this country it will not be thus available, while the text is so hurried, brief, and mixed as in no way to make up for the deficiencies of the pictures.

It is astonishing, in view of the general interest in natural history indicated by the success of the Agassiz associations, that so few American text-books for beginners have been offered to the public. Little books, like that of Dr. Stokes on 'Infusoria,' which we had occasion to praise some time since, are rare exceptions; inadequate rehashes or bald reprints of inapplicable foreign booklets, like the present publication, are unfortunately still the rule.

My Autobiography and Reminiscences. By W. P. Frith, R.A. Vol. II. Harper & Bros. 1889.

MR. FRITH has been emboldened by the success of his first very readable volume of Reminiscences to add a second, which is also a pleasant means of passing time—one may say in this case of wasting it, for we have here only the lees of the cask. The matter consists mainly of anecdotes of models and artists, lunatic asylums, the Hanging Committee of the Exhibition, and literary convivialities. Dickens, Landseer, Sala, Leech, Shirley Brooks, and others of more or less note appear in the gallery, and there is a good deal of correspondence, especially from Shirley Brooks; but these letters are illustrations of good-fellowship only, and often trivial. The level of the whole is that of free conversation, glancing from grave to gay, but good only for the moment. Like the previous volume, it affords a look into the life of artists (which, like that of actors, is a world of its own), but with much less breadth than in the former case. The instances of folly and ignorance in the purchasers of pictures ought to serve as warning to collectors, and the views of the seamy side of life may amuse the cynical. We have found one good anecdote of Constable: "In one of Constable's pictures, among those in his studio, was one in which a kingfisher or a heron, I forget which, had been introduced. I admired it and Constable said, 'Yes, I saw it. I had sat a long time without a living thing making its appearance. I always sit till I see some living thing, because if any such appears it is sure to be appropriate to the place. If no living object shows itself I put none into my picture.'" The chapter upon the oratory of the R. A.'s is a bright spot. Mr. Frith states his opinion that the present system of instruction in art is inferior to that under which the pupil was apprenticed to a single master for a long time; and as our author is not free in expressing opinions, this is the more noticeable. The amiability and warmth of appreciation which he exhibits towards his fellow-craftsmen is one of the best qualities of his volume.

Bureaucracy; or, A Civil-Service Reformer. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

THIS is the thirteenth volume of the excellently printed and bound series of the novels of Balzac that Roberts Brothers are bringing out. Perhaps through the fatality which is well known to inhere in the number thirteen, the volume that happens to fill this place is 'Les Employés,' a novel, if one may call it so, which hardly possesses the life or the interest of some of its forerunners. In form it is to a considerable extent almost an essay. In the whole first half of the book there is no movement nor stir of life. Portrait succeeds portrait, miniature after miniature—each most clever in its drawing, but none with the vital spark in it. The whole book, in fact, is descriptive rather than dramatic; the reader is lectured upon the evolution of a character, rather than left to see the character unfold itself in action.

There is no need to speak of the argument of the story, which is familiar to all lovers of Balzac. The head of a bureau, some time in the reign of Charles X., plans a reform of the civil service in the direction of greater simplicity, effectiveness, and economy, but is foiled by a plot, and retires to comparative poverty and happiness. The translation is in the main well done. It may perhaps be added that the title will seem to some a very liberal expansion of 'Les Employés.'

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amiel, H. F. Journal. Translated, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.
Anderson, Dr. J. W. The Essentials of Physical Diagnosis of the Chest and Abdomen. Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.
A Souvenir of the New York Centennial: Instantaneous Scenes. 48 Photo-Gravures. A. Wittemann.
A Vagabond Lover. By "Rita." Frank F. Lovell & Co. 20 cents.
Babelon, E. Manual of Oriental Antiquities. Translated by B. T. A. Evetts. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Bacigalupi, E. G. Immunity through Leucomaines. Translated by R. F. Rafael, M.D. J. H. Vail & Co.
Bond, J. J. Handy-Book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates with the Christian Era; giving an Account of the Chief Eras and Systems Used by Various Nations. 4th ed. Scribner & Welford. $2.
Browning, R. Poetical Works. Vols. XIII. and XIV. Macmillan & Co. $1.50 each.
Caird, Dr. J. An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion. New ed. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Caird, Mona. The Wing of Azrael. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Carey, Rosa Nouchette. Merle's Crusade. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Clapp, H. L. Thirty-six Observation Lessons on Common Minerals. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Crocker, G. G. Principles of Procedure in Deliberative Bodies. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
Cummings, A. The Fall of Kilman Kon. G. W. Dillingham.
Day, H. N. Elements of Mental Science. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. $1.
De Vere, A. Essays, Chiefly Literary and Ethical. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Doble, C. E. Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne. Vol. III. May 25, 1710—December 14, 1712. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Douglas, M. Can Love Sin? Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Dunlop, R. Life of Henry Grattan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75 cents.
Evans, W. L. Memory Training: A Complete and Practical System. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.25.
Fiske, Mary H. The Giddy Gusher Papers. New York: *Dramatic Mirror.*
Garibaldi, G. Autobiography. 3 vols. London: Walter Smith & Innes.
Gilmore, J. R. The Last of the Thorndikes. People's Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Gissing, G. The Nether World: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
Gould, S. B. Mehalah: A Story of the Salt Marshes. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 50 cents.
Gould, S. B. John Herring. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 50 cents.
Greaves, J. Statics for Beginners. Macmillan & Co. 90 cents.
Grimes, J. S. Geonomy: Creation of the Continents by the Ocean Currents. And Kosmo-Nomia: the Growth of Worlds and the Cause of Gravitation. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents.
Haferkorn—Heise. Handy Lists of Technical Literature. Part I. Milwaukee: National Publishing and Printing Co.
Hayes, P. S. Electricity and the Methods of its Employment in Removing Superfluous Hair and Other Facial Blemishes. Chicago: W. T. Keener.
Heaton, J. L. The Story of Vermont. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Holden, W. Spiritual Evolution. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Jackson, S. M. Papers of the American Society of Church History. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Jamieson, A. Electrical Rules, Tables, Tests, and Formulæ. Illustrated. The Industrial Publication Co.
Johnson, Laura Winthrop. Eight Hundred Miles in an Ambulance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75 cents.
Julian, G. W. Later Speeches on Political Questions, with Select Controversial Papers. Indianapolis: Carlon & Hollenbeck.
Views of American Cities: New York. Brentano.
Warden, Florence. The Fog Princes. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. The Story of Patsy. Boston: Houghton: Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.
Wilson, J. D. English Grammar Made Practical. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 75 cents.
Wilson, Prof. W. D. Theories of Knowledge, Historically Considered. Syracuse: Wolcott & West. $1.50.
Winsor, J. Narrative and Critical History of America. Vol. I. Aboriginal America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Woerner, J. G. Treatise on the American Law of Administration. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Wood, H. F. The Englishman of the Rue Cain. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Woodman, Abby Johnson. Picturesque Alaska: Journal of a Tour from San Francisco to Sitka. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Woolley, Celia Parker. A Girl Graduate. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Wright, C. D. Report on the Custody and Condition of the Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties. Boston: Wright & Potter Co.
Yonge, Charlotte M. Beechcroft at Rockstone. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Zit and Xoe: A Novel. By the Author of 'Lady Bluebeard.' Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Zuchtmann—Kirtland. The Choral Book for Home, School, and Church. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.

FANNY KEMBLE'S NOVEL:

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